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ON THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

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LORD EBURY proposes a revision of the Liturgy. He will, I presume, move that the Queen should be addressed to issue a Commission for that purpose. This Commission will probably contain a fair proportion of lay and of ecclesiastical persons. There is no reason to suppose that any men of extreme opinions will be included in it. That its character will be mild and conservative we may conjecture from the character of Lord Ebury himself.

What the sentiments of the laity of England generally are concerning this measure it is absurd to speculate. There is no excitement about it one way or the other. Classes, localities, individual influences must so modify public opinion that the most sagacious observer of its cross currents may well be puzzled. Our statesmen, I trust, will despair of tracing them, that they may apply themselves fairly to the consideration of the subject on its own merits.

The judgments of the Clergy have been more distinctly pronounced. A considerable section of them has signed a memorial in favour of revision. A very much larger body has declared against it. But a number are silent; either from not having formed an opinion, or from not caring to express their opinion, or from holding an opinion which differs in some respect from that both of the approvers and the remonstrants. Some may agree with Lord

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Ebury in his principle, but may doubt about the way in which he will reduce it to practice. Some may desire that only clergymen should suggest improvements in the book which they are obliged to use. Some may wish to secure that every concession to one party in the Church should be met by a corresponding concession to the other. There are again those who are unwilling to join in any protest which may imply that a reformation in the Church is not necessary, that laymen should not interfere in it, that the Prayer-book needs our protection, and yet may feel as strongly as those who sign such a protest that the proposed revision is likely to make our services less comprehensive and less adapted to the wants of our time than they are at present.

To this class I own that I belong. Not that I am in the least competent to express its sentiments—if it is a class. In what I shall say, I shall be simply uttering my own. I wish to explain what I think the question is; on what principles I suppose it ought to be considered; how those principles have led me to my conclusion.

I should not have thought it necessary to state formally what the question is, if I had not fallen in with many respectable people who suppose that those who object to Lord Ebury's scheme must necessarily consider the Prayer-book perfect. I certainly never encour-

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tered a clergyman who entertained that monstrous imagination. I doubt if such a clergyman exists. Neither do I remember to have encountered any literary man who supposes that there are no passages or scenes in Shakspeare which had better be omitted, or which were fitter for the sixteenth than for the nineteenth century. But since most Englishmen of our day would maintain that a commission in the reign of Queen Anne, to amend his plays and adapt them to the taste of the times,—a commission which might have included such splendid names as Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, John Arbuthnot, Alexander Pope,—as would have made them more agreeable then, but would have made them utterly disagreeable to us; I do not hold that I am committing a *prima facie* absurdity, or offering any insult to the practical wisdom of our laymen or the theological wisdom of our divines, if I believe that the Liturgy would issue from their hands poorer and narrower than it was when it came, with whatever blots, from the hands of our forefathers. This is our subject; it deals with probabilities, not possibilities.

I have used the words "poorer and narrower," not "less beautiful." I am not thinking about composition—about pleasant archaisms, or the rhythm of sentences. Of these I should expect the Commission to be careful, so far as they found it possible. In those prayers on the occasion of royal births, Crimean wars, Indian mutinies, which we are sentenced to read, there is generally a laborious attempt to copy the sixteenth century phraseology, and even the impression which it makes on the ear. The effort is far too obvious to be successful; if it were *not* made—if the prayers were written in the ordinary speech of the day—they would be more really like the forms with which we are familiar; we should be conscious of less jar in passing from one to the other. Were we less slavish in our imitations, we might be better trusted with the treatment of free and original models. When the Reformers adopted old Catho-

lic forms, they entered into the spirit of them, and therefore could afford to depart from the letter. It is the spirit, not the letter of them, which I believe will be sacrificed by those who undertake to alter them now.

I will set down four maxims which govern my thoughts upon this question. I trust they will not be unacceptable to those who differ from me in my conclusion. First, that a church which aspires to be national ought to address itself to the mind and heart of the whole nation, and ought not to allow the notions or habits of any particular age or any particular school to interfere with this object. Secondly, that a national church ought not to allow any accidental advantages which it may possess in the way of prescriptive rights, privileges, property, to stand in the way of this object. Thirdly, that the clergy of a church aspiring to be national should be ready to remould or reform any habits of their own which interfere with this object. Fourthly, that a national church cannot expect the state to persevere in any course of policy, adopted originally for its protection, which interferes with this object. By these rules I wish that those who support a revision of the Liturgy and those who oppose it should be judged.

1. I cannot find a better spokesman for the revisionists than the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Curate of Trotterscliffe.¹ Mr. Taylor's name indicates, I presume, that he has had the advantage of conversing with an eminent religious philosopher, and that he combines with a clerical position a knowledge of certain classes who are outside of our communion. He writes with much clearness and ability. And, in addition to his other qualifications, he has the very great one of using such arguments as are likely to commend themselves to the minds of our legislators, especially of our conservative legislators, to the fears of the clergy, to the prevailing sentiments of a great portion of our middle classes. Three-

¹ The Liturgy and the Dissenters. Hatchard, 1860.

fourths, if not nine-tenths, of Lord Ebury's supporters would, I should think, accept Mr. Taylor as a most satisfactory representative of their thoughts and wishes. If I knew one who would represent them more skillfully and more effectually, I should select him.

What then are Mr. Taylor's notions of the reasons which should induce us to make alterations in the Liturgy? He has two. One is drawn from the material interests of the Church; the other, from justice to the Dissenters. He is unfair to himself when he admits that in *both* these arguments he is taking a "low" ground. He who is asserting what is *just* must be always taking a high ground. Whether he is just to the Dissenters, whether the end he is seeking, and the means by which he would attain it, does not involve injustice to them as well as to us, let the reader consider when I have told him what his scheme is, and how he defends it.

There is a large body of the Dissenters, he informs us, who are directly hostile to the establishment, who wish to deprive it of its revenues and endowments. Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster are the persons whom he mentions as leaders of this Non-conformist party. He believes it to have increased greatly within the last few years, and to be increasing now. But there are men among the Dissenters who do not take these extreme views. The idea of an establishment is not odious to them. Many of them would like that they or their sons should partake in its privileges and advantages. Would it not be exceedingly politic to conciliate this moderate class? Would they not add immensely to our power in resisting the ultra class? But you may conciliate them if you will make certain alterations in the Liturgy. They have a strong dislike to certain words in our Baptismal Service, in our Catechism, in our Burial Service. Suppose we do not share in their objections, is it not well to give up a few phrases which we approve or do not disapprove, if we can buy such useful co-operation?

Ought not even those of us who think these words true and important, to be ready to suppress that conviction as far as these public prayers are concerned, to hold it silently in our hearts, rather than lose the chance of detaching a force from the ranks of Dr. Foster and Mr. Morley, and of enlisting it in our own?

Now, this may be justice to the Dissenters according to Mr. Taylor's theory of justice; it certainly does not accord with mine. If my first principle is true, we ought, as a National Church, to consider whether we have no voice that can address itself to the followers of Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster, as well as to those who, we are told, are ready, if we hold out a sufficient bait, to desert them. I cannot persuade myself that those who quarrel most with what we all admit to be the accidents of our position, are the most hopeless of our opponents, or those with whom we should at once conclude that we can establish no kind of sympathy. I may think that they are very mistaken in many of their conclusions; sometimes very mistaken about the facts on which they ground their conclusions. But I should be belying my conscience if I pretended that they were always wrong in their complaints of us; that they did not sometimes touch very sore places in our system which we need to be reminded of, and which had far better be touched roughly than not at all. I believe they bear a useful witness that the foundations of a Church are heavenly and not earthly; spiritual and not mercantile. I thought before, that we needed such rough counsellors as Dr. Foster and Mr. Morley; I think it more since I have read the pamphlet of this able young Clergyman, who, I fear, may have far too many of the younger Clergy on his side. For is he not practically inverting that order which it is so essential that we should understand and preserve? Is he not avowedly calling upon us to give up something that has been connected with our spiritual interests for the sake of defending our material interests, and this that we may

put a large section of the Dissenters into stronger antagonism?

What I have said thus far has no reference to the importance or insignificance of that which we are required to give up that we may obtain this security for our material interests. Now consider what all honest and earnest dissenters, who do seriously object to those passages in our Baptismal Service, Catechism, and Burial Service, must say about the mode in which it is proposed that we should abandon them. We have had the daring to tell our children that they are members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven. With a stroke of our pen we can erase those words, certainly; they only make about two lines of writing. But can we with a stroke of our pen undo the enormous amount of falsehood which we have propagated—of guilt which we have incurred—if we have been building our whole education upon an assertion which is not true—which not being true, must be the very reverse of the truth? May not the Dissenter require that we should repent in dust and ashes of being accessories to such a delusion? Will he not protest, in the interests of common morality, against an attempt to escape from such an assertion, continued for so long, with Mr. Taylor's comfortable salvo to the conscience—"It should be remembered that none are called upon to abjure one single doctrinal position. The utmost we are urged to do by the most radical reformers, is to consent to the *mollified* assertion, or the less obtrusive exhibition of certain theological and ecclesiastical theories, to which we are, for the most part, strongly attached, but which are so offensive to the great body of the conforming and nonconforming laity, as to endanger the very existence of the Establishment."—p. 37.

Will not the Dissenter exclaim when he hears these words, "Certain theological and ecclesiastical theories! What, you do not think it a practical question then, whether a child is a child of the Devil or of God! You think you

"may go on, age after age, proclaiming that as a fact which we deny to be a fact, and then suddenly *make a less obtrusive exhibition* of your creed, lest *you should endanger the Establishment*." Will he not further say, "Is this which you propose to omit, an isolated statement? Can it be? Must it not go through the whole Prayer-Book? Must it not underlie every petition? Is not this what you mean when you address all the motley crowd in your churches as *Dearly beloved Brethren*—when you call upon all to address an *Almighty, most merciful Father*, not in some vague sense, but in *Christ Jesus our Lord*, in whom *Thou hast made promises to mankind*? Is not this the reason why you repeat the Lord's Prayer so often? Is not this what excuses your general thanksgiving for *the redemption of the world*; your eucharistic acknowledgment of a *full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world*? Are you not cheating us in saying you will strike on certain offensive lines, when your services from beginning to end, are redolent of the same offence?"

Such must be the feeling of a Dissenter arguing the question from without. He cannot believe, as Mr. Taylor would persuade us, that it is a dispute about a particular word which may have a dozen different significations. It is nothing less than a question how we are to think of children, of grown men, of the human race; on what ground we are to place our education of children, our appeals to the consciences of Englishmen who do or do not frequent churches, our missions to the nations of the earth. I dare not urge him to judge less seriously than he does of the error and sin we have committed, if our hypothesis is wrong. For then I believe that when he comes into our churches and joins in our worship—however much natural revolting it may cause him at first—he will begin to ask himself whether the hypothesis may not be *right*—whether, at all events, there is not something in it which commends

itself to his conscience. He comes, of course, armed with all the traditional arguments in favour of extemporary prayers. He has heard *usque ad nauseam*, from our apologists, of the beauties of our Liturgy, and he is too earnest a worshipper to care about such nonsense. He has heard also from his own apologists of its numerous faults—they are all present to his mind. But there is a kind of universality in the petitions which appears to him very strange, and somehow—opposed as it is to his habitual notions—very attractive. "May it not be true that the God who made Heaven and Earth is really claiming all the persons in this crowd, who are gathered about me, as His children? I should like to think so, wrong as it would be. If I could think so, much that I read in the Bible would certainly look a little plainer. I should be able to take the words literally about a Kingdom of Heaven having come to men. I should be able to read our Lord's parables to publicans and sinners about a Father seeking after his children, without introducing any phrases of my own to qualify them. The letters of the Apostles to the churches would be less puzzling. And then I might"—but just then the preacher goes into the pulpit and gives out his text. "It is clear that this is not *his* view of the matter. *He* agrees with the opinions I had before, not with those which these prayers he has been reading have suggested to me: I may dismiss them therefore, if I can." But it is not always that he can. The sermon has appealed to his sympathies as the member of a sect. He rejoices that it is so like what he should have heard in his own chapel. The prayers have appealed to his sympathies as an Englishman and a human being.

The questions have been aroused in him:—"Is a nation of rogues, outcasts, vagabonds, with a sprinkling of saints, a conceivable thing? Is not the old Jewish doctrine, that his nation was a righteous society, and that the unrighteous members of it, however nu-

merous, must be looked upon as departing from their true state, a doctrine which commends itself to reason, and which explains the course of the Old Testament history? Is not the doctrine, which some find in the New Testament, of a human family redeemed in the Son of Man, that which justifies it for each particular nation? Does not the Prayer embody this, and apply it directly to our own land?"

I am not speaking, be it recollected, of men brought up in modern theories of society or government; I am speaking of those who have been taught to regard the Bible as their manual, and who look upon the English Church with dislike and suspicion because they suppose it to depart from the teaching of that manual. To such persons it is natural that our forms should—it is a fact, in a vast number of cases that they do—suggest these inquiries. That in some of these cases they lead members of the English sects to become members of that which we call the National Church—and that these are the converts upon whose hearty attachment and permanence she may calculate most—is not the point I chiefly care to insist upon. I am quite aware that such conversions are slow; I do not desire that they should be more rapid. The last thing I believe to be coveted is an accession of men who enter our communion from mere violent revulsion against all which they have heard and learnt in their own. Such revulsions there may be; they may be the motives which operate most powerfully in a few when they first conform. But their stay amongst us is quite precarious; they will make us a mere half-way house to the Sacerdoce of Rome, or to the Sacerdoce of Auguste Comte; or they will subside into mere indifference; if they do not change that reactionary disgust for the conviction that the principles which they find in the English Church supply a foundation which they needed for their earlier convictions; yes, and justify the zeal and faith of those forefathers who spoke most hardly of our institutions, and of all who adhered to them. Till

the Wesleyan feels that our forms explain why he has a right to proclaim a Gospel to the outcast; till the Quaker feels that they more than affirm all that he affirms respecting a Divine Spirit in man; till the Unitarian recognises in the *Gloria Patri* the full manifestation of that Fatherly love which he has supposed that we were setting at nought, I do not think that we can count upon the allegiance of any one of them. When they are convinced that they are doing honour to the memories and traditions of their fathers in abandoning their denials, they may become more intelligent and devoted adherents in a day of trial than many who hold their faith by inheritance. But though I neither expect nor greatly desire a sudden influx of Dissenters into our body, such as Mr. Taylor thinks would be a great defence to the Establishment, I am convinced that those very characteristics of our Services, which he would remove for the sake of that advantage, are acting at this very moment most beneficially upon all the sects, are deepening in them the feeling that there must be a fellowship which is not a sectarian one, and which cannot be created by an amalgamation of sects; are operating unconsciously upon numbers who would utterly disclaim the operation, and attribute it to any influence but that. And I do think, also, that these characteristics of our Liturgy have helped to keep down the sectarian element in us, which is not less strong and rampant than in them; have compelled us to count ourselves as something else than an episcopal sect; have preserved in us some sense of responsibility to all our countrymen, and some sense of a bond which unites us to them all; have checked that very disposition to make our brethren offenders: for a word, to tie them down to some formal interpretation of a word, against which Mr. Taylor so reasonably protests. If you take away the right from us to speak to our countrymen as members of a divine family—if you tell us, that at any rate we must hold that only as a pious opinion; we shall inflict upon you all our stupid talk

about Regeneration; we shall treat that word as one of life and death; we shall try to force as many as we can into conformity with our notions upon it. Such reasonings and such attempts, I grant you, do infinite harm. They produce a general sensation in practical English minds of indifference and disgust, as if we had nothing to tell men which concerned their business and bosoms, but could only argue about terms and definitions. I hold that the Gorham controversy was a curse to the land, and that the decision to which the Privy Council came upon it was a blessing; because it saved a principle from becoming either a question of property or a question of antiquarian knowledge. But that decision left the Liturgy as it was, to be interpreted as men could conscientiously interpret it. If you alter it in a certain sense, if you hinder us from teaching children and men as we have been wont to teach them, you open that sore again, you drive us back into our scholastic talk. And all this you do for the sake of peace, or rather—that I may use the phrase which the spokesman for revision prefers—for the sake of “the material interests of the Establishment.”

2. My second proposition was, that those material interests, as well as any special tastes and opinions of ours, should be sacrificed if they stand in the way of our position as a national church. I use this language advisedly; because I perceive a disposition both among Dissenters and Churchmen, nearly as often among High Churchmen as among Low Churchmen, to consider that the church, so far as it is *national*, is only a collection of offices and endowments guaranteed, if not established, by acts of parliament. “The *spiritual* church,” we are often told by one school among us,—“the *Catholic* church” we are often told by another,—“has nothing to do with acts of parliament or anything secular. But the very meaning of a church becoming *national* is that it gives up something of its spiritual or something of its catholic quality, in order that it may receive the advantage

"or the disadvantage of a state provision "and of state protection." I believe that there is no more fruitful source of secessions to Romanism among one class of our countrymen, of persistence in a vigorous and hostile Protestant Dissent by another, than this favourite theory. And I also believe that nothing has been so withering to our national life and character, so degrading to our state policy, as this same theory. A nation is no longer felt to consist of men, to whom property may or may not be entrusted. The property becomes the first thing in our contemplation; the men are looked on as holders of that. Contrive securities for its safe possession and safe transmission, and the *nation* is satisfied. It is desirable, no doubt, that there should be religious teachers to provide for the interests of men in another world, to see that what they have here is wisely invested with reference to that. Such teachers the statesman thinks may re-act usefully upon that world which is entrusted to his guidance. They have an armoury of fears and hopes which he does not possess, and which may deter men from some of the crimes that evade the policeman and the magistrate. He complains, however, that he has to pay dearly for these services; that the servant is apt to fancy himself a master; that the religious men oftener ask him to put down their foes than they succeed in putting down his. Then the Romanist steps in and says, "Of course, it must be so. The Church is to rule the State, not to serve it." And the Dissenter steps in and says, "Of course, it must be so. You have entered into an unlawful compact. The spiritual body ought to keep itself wholly aloof from the secular." Each, I believe, is confuted by his own experience. The Church, which sits as a Queen, has been the most grovelling of tools to the civil ruler. Those who say they can keep the two powers asunder have given some of the clearest evidences to the world that they must be continually affecting each other. But though they may be able to disprove their own theories, how powerful they are both when they

are contending against ours! How ridiculous they make us look when they talk of our act of parliament church! How they compel us to hold down our heads when they say that we are after all only a favoured sect from which the Queen may at any time withdraw her patronage! Why do such words sting us so sharply? First, because there is a secret confession in our minds that they correspond with acts that we have done, with apologies that we have put forth. Secondly, because those acts and those apologies are in glaring contradiction to that idea of a nation which is implied in our formularies. If we adhered to *them* we should think that a national church existed to educate spiritual men, sons of God, into a knowledge of their position; that they may be free citizens, able to do the work which is given them to do, understanding it to be God's work, looking upon the subjects of the Queen as His subjects, counting the cultivation of the soil, the defence of the soil, the resistance to all injustice and tyranny, native or foreign, obedience to all righteous authority as obligations which are due to Him, their Deliverer and Father. Such faith, and the works that follow from it, can never interfere with any of the responsibilities which belong to them as members of a particular community, can never be separated from those responsibilities. The more spiritual their position the more it binds them to all earthly tasks. The more catholic their position the more it makes all national institutions, a national tongue, the wife and the child, the hearth and the home, sacred and divine.

Now, I think, we owe a great debt to Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster, and the members of the Anti-State Church Association, if they have driven us from any of our untenable positions to seek for this substantial ground. I do not know what outward advantages it may please God that we should surrender in order that its strength may be fully ascertained. I think that we shall be prepared for such surrenders if we fully understand that they do not involve

in the least degree, the dissolution of the union between Church and State; in that this union stands upon no decrees or acts of parliament, but exists in the laws of society, in the nature of things; that it cannot involve the subserviency of the Church except in the sense in which He was subservient who was the minister of all; that it cannot involve the dereliction of any rights by the State, unless the right of dictation and persecution be one of them. We may then desert that language of the Prayer-Book which gives us the warrant for this doctrine respecting a nation in order to overthrow these supposed enemies of ours. But if we care to answer their just objections, and satisfy their just demands, we shall cling to it.

3. I have said that the clergy should be ready to reform their own ways, if they interfere with the national character of the Church of which they are ministers. Mr. Taylor holds that we *have* most of us reformed our ways so far as preaching is concerned. The Dissenters, he thinks, would take no offence at the greater part of the sermons that go forth from our pulpits; they would find them in no remarkable degree different from those to which they listen every week. I have expressed the same opinion; *that* it seems to me is one cause why our discourses do not make more impression upon them, and upon men of all other classes to whom they are addressed. If they were more in accordance with the Prayer-Book; if we did address men as sons of God, and tell them what right they have to call themselves so, why they have no right to call themselves by any lower name; Dissenters would not be listening to a thrice-told tale; our words would have the force and charm of freshness, *old* as they are; they would meet a want in their minds which had not been met. To reform the Liturgy according to the standard of the sermons, would be Mr. Taylor's scheme of reformation. To reform the sermons according to the standard of the Liturgy, would be mine. But, of course, I assume that not only the words which we speak with our lips or read out of

a book should undergo this change, but that we ourselves should undergo it. It seems to me that the spirit of the Liturgy, if we allowed it to act freely and fairly upon us, would oblige us to sympathise with all classes of Dissenters, as men, just because we refuse to adjust our teaching to theirs as sects. I know that in saying this, I indicate an opinion from which many, perhaps most, of those who have signed the declaration against the revision of the Liturgy, would be inclined to dissent. I do not mean that they would disagree with me as to the duty of meeting all Dissenters with kindness. Those of them whom I know fulfil the duty very much better than I do. But they would perhaps object to my saying that our ordinances are inclusive and not exclusive; that our baptism is the simplest and fullest witness of a redemption which covers and comprehends those who are not baptised; that the complete recognition of the principle of our services does not hinder me, but urges me to confess the spiritual graces of Anabaptists and Quakers; that the fault we have to charge upon them is for refusing that testimony to the world which the Church is intended to bear. I should be wrong, if I suppressed the conviction, that we shall be taught this lesson before we become, in the full sense, a national Church. I should be wrong, because I am quite aware that there are some amongst us who, holding this conviction, will be inclined to say, "But are there not passages in the Liturgy which expressly or implicitly interfere with it? Ought you not to labour at least for the removal of these?" Mr. Taylor has made the best and most dexterous use that can be made of this argument. He has collected all the passages which could scandalize those whose minds are inclined to comprehension, and has worked them together in a curious mosaic, with those which scandalize the persons for whom we are too comprehensive. He finds that in the service for private baptism the parent is assured that the child who is baptised

is undoubtedly saved. He acknowledges that this passage was offensive to the Puritans in virtue of their predestinarian theory, as asserting too much. But then it implies, he says, that all children who are not baptised are lost. The burial service is notoriously objectionable, because it calls these "dear brothers" who have led sinful lives, and gives God thanks for having taken them out of the world. But then the unbaptised are not to be buried. Putting this and that together, may we not conclude that a hope is entertained for the one which is not entertained for the other? What is the answer to these statements? This. No doubt, those who compiled the services *may* have meant what Mr. Taylor supposes they meant. The affirmation of one thing *may* have been to them the exclusion of another. Long arguments might be gone into to prove that it was so, or that it was not. One student may arrive at one conclusion, one at another. The clergyman of this day has only to say—and to say, if he thinks it, as broadly and publicly as he can: "I accept the positive statement; I do not accept the implication. Those who introduced this passage possibly intended it; I do not know or care to know if they did. They did not bind me to it. And I think I owe it to their education, to the general effect of their devotions on my mind, that this is not my judgment, supposing it was theirs." This same doctrine would apply in the three or four other cases which Mr. Taylor has produced. No doubt he may turn upon us and say, "Yes! but you would be glad to get rid of these passages if you could, would you not? Why not then join with those who for different reasons are seeking a revision?" The answer is obvious and practical. "We are pledged to nothing that we think wrong, and we do not mean to give up expressions which assert principles that we hold to be profoundly true and important, because in one or two cases they might, in our judgment, have asserted something more. We take what they give, thankfully; we will not part with that; if

more is necessary hereafter, it will come. Every step in your direction would be not advance but retrogression; not the expansion of a principle, but the denial of one." Such books as Mr. Taylor's convince me—every book I read convinces me—that even the younger Clergy who, of course, see much further than those of my age can, are yet not half as liberal and comprehensive as the Prayer-Book would make them if they allowed it to guide them. I take the strongest instance of all. They are much shocked at the Athanasian Creed. They would not object to denounce Unitarians a little; to indulge in some threats against them; but they do not like to say quite as much as that Creed says. I fancy that if they entered into the spirit of that Creed it would make them suspicious of themselves and their own faith; most suspicious when they are disposed to indulge in hard language or hard thoughts about any one else. It would impart to them such thoughts of eternal life, and of the Trinity, as would cause the prayer to be delivered from all uncharitableness, a very fervent one. I should tremble to see this Creed in the hands of the modern revisers. I believe it would come forth from them with far less of apparent, with far more of real, anathemas than are to be found in it now.

4. In speaking of these revisions, I ought perhaps to have noticed various propositions which have found more or less favour with the Clergy, for alterations in the Prayer-Book, to be undertaken, probably, by the Houses of Convocation, which should involve no change of doctrine, but should adapt the services to the circumstances of the times. My objections to such proposals are these:—first, I conceive the adaptations can be made, and are made now by all persons who have not a superstitious and unhealthy reverence for the letter of rubrics, and that they are the better and the more suitable to different places for not being reduced to rule and system. Secondly, that any abortive or feeble result of deliberations undertaken by reverend and right reverend persons, in reference

to great subjects, is morally mischievous, and that experience does not warrant us in thinking that such a result is at all improbable. Thirdly, that to give a legislative effect to these alterations, the Act of Uniformity must be amended, and that it would be far better to face the whole question, which must be raised sooner or later, whether, instead of being amended, it should not be repealed.

I am greatly astonished that Mr. Taylor's arguments have not led him to this conclusion rather than to the proposal of a revision. He produces abundant evidence to show what failures all former attempts at revision have been. He describes, I cannot say he exaggerates, the adulation of the Bishops at Hampton Court, the pettishness of many of the answers which were made to the Presbyterian demands at the Savoy Conference. He is aware that Burnet's scheme for compromise was defeated, though King William was his friend, and that Lord Macaulay rejoices in his ill-success. He is not ignorant of what happened in the last century, when the opposition to the Liturgy took a semi-Unitarian form. Would not the obvious moral from such experiences be, "This road is clearly not the right one. Somehow or other there is always a block in it. Perhaps it may be caused by the stupidity or bigotry of the Clergy; but if it is, you had better surmount that stupidity and bigotry by some different contrivance; here they will be too much for you." On the other hand, he labours to prove that the Act of Uniformity has been the great grievance to the Dissenters, the great curse to the nation. I cannot say that I approve his method of reasoning on this subject; it jars with my belief in a divine government, and with my reading of history. I find, when I read the old prophets, that they condemned severely both Rehoboam and Jeroboam for the separation of the tribes; but that they do not afterwards speculate on what might have happened if it had not happened. They say it was from the Lord. The evil was there, and the consequences of the evil were inevitable; they were to

make the best of what existed, to acknowledge a continual Providence over both countries, to hope for a better unity under different conditions. I know no case to which this treatment is more applicable than to the one before us. I do not dissemble the misdoings of the winning and exasperated side; I believe they were great, and that the punishment of them followed in due time. But I cannot force myself into the imagination of another state of things; I do not know what I gain by doing so. It is wiser, surely, to consider what evil would have followed if the Presbyterians and Episcopalians had understood each other; if there had been no secession. Baxter, as we all know, was one of the best of men, but he was intolerant in principle far more than by nature. Had he and Sheldon come to an agreement, woe to all Quakers, Anabaptists, Millenarians, to say nothing of Arians and Socinians, who lay beyond the bounds of the *religiones licite*! Persecutions, to which the five-mile act, cruel as it was, would have been mercy, must have been the result of their joint action. Even the Independents, the real champions of spiritual freedom in the judgment of Milton, and others besides Milton, would have been excluded from the compact. Had it taken place, the protest which the Nonconformist body bore against the corruptions as well as the oppressions of the Caroline time, would have been wanting; nor would the Episcopalians have received the profitable lesson respecting the untenableness of their servile theories, and the duty of opposing the court even when it offered bribes, which the Dissidents gave them at time of the Indulgence. It was surely more natural and sincere for the Puritans to cultivate the extemporary prayers which they loved, than to repeat words to which they would only have submitted. On the other hand, those words embodied the best and deepest feelings of the Episcopal body. They were far above the ordinary tone and level of their mind; they kept alive the sense of a standard of which they were constantly falling

short, of a unity in the worship of God which transcended all mere unity in opinion. When one part of them were dropping into a latitudinarian feebleness; when an other were opposing to it a hard non-juring dogmatism; the Liturgy was a testimony against both, and yet a bond to them both. It bestowed, also, no small benefits on those who rejected it. An atmosphere was about the Nonconformist body, which would not allow them to sink either into an exclusive Predestinarianism, a belief in human merit, or a dead Monotheism. It nourished that spirit in the Methodist preachers which the Clergy sought to repress. They could appeal to it against those who regarded the belief in spiritual power as enthusiasm; yet it was continually reminding them, in their wildest excitements, that that power is most spiritual which is most calm. It preserved the sense of continuousness both in the nation and the Church,—a continuousness which was not broken by the Reformation, by the Civil Wars, by the Act of Settlement, by philosophical changes and revolutions, by the growth of commerce and wealth; yet which hindered none of the political or moral developments that a nation must pass through. It did what it would have been utterly unable to do, if either party at the Savoy Conference had stamped it anew with its own image,—if a higher will had not prevented the pettinesses and frivolities of each, or, what would have been worse still, a feeble adjustment and compromise between these frivolities and pettinesses, from altering its substance, and robbing it of its vitality.

But though I do not impeach the Divine Wisdom in permitting the Act of Uniformity to pass in the year 1662,—can even discover in that permission many reasons for thankfulness—I do not see that these are reasons for its remaining on the statute-book till 1862. I will not say that those who are satisfied with the Liturgy as it is are bound to agitate for the removal of a law which compels them to do nothing that they would not

do of their own accord. I will not say that they may not be more usefully employed in trying to reform their own minds, and to reform their countrymen in the spirit of the Liturgy, than in freeing themselves or others from the legal obligations to conformity. But I do say, that if the Dissenters, or other ecclesiastical reformers, shall commence a movement which is the only one that is really in harmony with their traditions and professions, churchmen will do wisely to assist, rather than to retard that movement. For let them seriously consider these facts. 1st. The tendency of modern legislation is to establish a *more* stringent act of uniformity. Mr. Danby Seymour's Bill concerning ecclesiastical vestments is, as the *Times* truly remarked, nothing less than a new Act of Uniformity. The petition which Lord Ebury presented from the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, was a petition, if not for a new Act of Uniformity, yet for an astounding exercise of Royal supremacy to enforce uniformity. Lord Ebury's proposition for a revival of the Liturgy is, in fact, a proposition for another Act of Uniformity. It is one, Mr. Taylor thinks, which can produce no evil results, because the few Puseyites who would oppose the reasonable alterations that are likely to be made are utterly unpopular with the bulk of the nation; because, as he remarks, "the recent disturbances at St. George's-in-the-East have served to call forth "an unmistakeable expression of public "opinion." (p. 36.) But though mob-opinion and Lynch-law may be as favourable, as he says they are, to that union of moderate Churchmen and moderate Dissenters, by which the Ultras on both sides are to be suppressed, he may find that persons who have no sympathy with those Ultras have also no sympathy with the kind of Protestant feeling which is directed against them. They regard it as the Protestant feeling not of Luther or of Latimer, but of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon; and the more cordially they love the former the more intensely they hate the latter. An Act of Uniformity which

seeks help from the very allies who would have pelted the Puritans in 1661, and the Methodists in 1761, may lead to a movement not less serious than that to which its predecessor led. Is it not wise to avert so great a peril? It cannot be averted long by merely resisting the project of revision. It may be averted, if we frankly tell the Dissenters, and tell our legislators, that we do not care for Acts of Uniformity, new or old; that we believe they have done any work they had to do: that if any require their support, we are not those persons.

For, 2nd, Let it be remembered that a notion prevails very largely among statesmen, lawyers, and throughout the country, that what we mean by pleading for the Liturgy is pleading for the Act of the 14th of Charles II. They say commonly that the Prayer-Book is a schedule to that Act. The joke may be a poor one, but it is one that has a hold on the mind of the country, and which ought by some very decided effort to be deprived of that hold. The Clergy must make that effort. They must say, "We give up the Act; we will see whether the Schedule can stand when it is gone."

3rd. If we take this course, those Clergy who have difficulties about the use of one or another part of the Liturgy will not be forced to smother those difficulties, to affect a belief which they have not, and so to injure the effect of all their ministrations. They may state their difficulties to the Bishop. He may deal with them as he thinks fit. No Act of Parliament will force him to do otherwise than his wisdom and con-

science direct. His responsibility will be, of course, increased. That, I conceive, is an advantage, not an injury. It is well that every one of us should feel his responsibility more and not less.

4th. In a number of cases, I am sure, clergymen are led into acts which are offensive to their congregations and disobedient to their spiritual fathers, because they have a sense of a divided allegiance. They have a dream that they are above Acts of Parliament, and yet that they are subject to them; that they ought not, for the sake of trifles, to disturb the worship of their people, and yet that these trifles may involve principles which a mere state rule cannot set aside; that it would be good to yield to the judgment of a father, but that after all he is only the spokesman of a statute. Such confusions are perilous to the conscience. They lead to great disloyalty, sometimes to the Queen personally, oftener to constitutional government. They are mischievous to the Church and State alike. It would be worth paying a great price to get rid of them. I believe the abandonment of the Act of Uniformity is a very small price for such an end.

5th. Hereby the question will at once be brought to issue, which I have been considering throughout this paper—the question which the Dissenters have a right to ask, which for the sake of them, of the whole body of our people, of future generations, we should be prepared to answer, not by words but by deeds,—“Are you a protected Sect, or a National Church?”

REQUIESCAT IN PACE¹

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

We have watched him to the last ;
 We have seen the dreaded king
 Smile pacific as he past
 By that couch of suffering :
 Wrinkles of aggressive years,
 Channels of unwitnessed tears,
 Furrows on the anxious brow,
 All are smooth as childhood's now !
 Death, as seen by men in dreams,
 Something stern and cruel seems—
 But his face is not the same,
 When he comes into the room,
 Takes the hand and names the name,
 Seals the eyes with tender gloom,
 Saying : " Blessed are the laws
 To which all God's creatures bend :
 Mortal ! fear me not, because
 Thine inevitable friend ! "

So, when all the limbs were still,
 Moved no more by sense or will,
 Reverent hands the body laid
 In the church's pitying shade,
 With the pious rites that fall
 Like the rain-drops upon all.
 What could Man refuse or grant
 The spiritual inhabitant,
 Who so long had ruled within
 With power to sin or not to sin ?
 Nothing. Hope, and hope alone,
 Mates with death. Upon a stone
 Let the simple name be writ,
 Traced upon the infant's front
 Years ago : and under it,
 As with Christian folk is wont,
 " Requiescat," or may be
 Symbol letters, R. I. P.

Rest is happy, rest is right,
 Rest is precious in God's sight.
 But if He who lies below,
 Out of an abundant heart
 Drawing remedies for woe,
 Never wearied to impart
 Blessings to his fellow-men ;
 If he never rested then,

¹ We have reason to believe that this poem has been printed in some collection in the United States, but it has never been published in this country.

But each harvest gathered seed
 For the future word and deed,
 And the darkness of his kind
 Filled him with such endless ruth,
 That the very light of truth
 Pained him walking 'mid the blind,—
 How, when some transcendent change
 Gives his being boundless range,
 When he knows not time or space,
 In the nearness of God's face,
 In the world of spirits how
 Shall that Soul be resting now?
 While one creature is unblest,
 How can such as He have rest?

"Rest in peace," the legend runs;
 Rest is sweet to Adam's sons.
 But can He, whose busy brain
 Worked within this hollow skull
 Now his zeal for truth restrain,
 Now his subtle fancy dull,
 When he wanders spirit-free,
 Young in his immortality?
 While on earth he only bore
 Life as it was linked with lore,
 And the infinite increase
 Of knowledge was his only peace:
 Till that knowledge be possessed,
 How can such a mind have rest?

Rest is happy; rest is meet
 For well-worn and weary feet;
 Surely not for Him, on whom
 Ponderous stands the pompous tomb,
 Prompt to blind the future's eyes
 With guilt deceit and blazoned lies:
 Him, who never used his powers
 To speed for good the waiting hours,—
 Made none wiser for his seeing,
 Made none better for his being—
 Closed his eyes, lest others' woes
 Should disturb his base repose—
 Catching at each selfish zest;
 How can He have right to rest?
 Rather we would deem him driven
 Anywhere in search of heaven,
 Failing ever in the quest,
 Till he learns it is not given
 That man should by himself be blest.

* * * * *

Here we struggle with the light,—
 And, when comes the fated night,
 Into nature's lap we fall,
 Like tired children, one and all.

Day and Labour, Night and Rest,
 Come together in our mind,
 And we image forth the Blest
 To eternal calm resigned :
 Yet it may be that the abyss
 Of the lost is only this—
 That for them all things to come
 Are inanimate and dumb,
 And immortal life they steep
 In dishonourable sleep :
 While no power of pause is given
 To the inheritors of heaven ;
 And the holiest still are those
 Who are farthest from repose,
 And yet onward, onward press
 To a loftier godliness ;
 Still becoming, more than being,
 Apprehending, more than seeing,
 Feeling, as from orb to orb
 In their awful course they run,
 How their Souls new light absorb
 From the self-existing One,
Demiurgos, throned above,
 Mind of Mind, and Love of Love.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STREET.

BY RICHARD FUTLOE, SEN.

WHAT was known in our burgh as the Old Street, was a narrow street of low thatched houses, containing in all about four hundred souls. It ran north and south, parallel to the river which flows through our good town, and at but a short distance from it. Its name remains ; but itself, properly speaking, exists no more, save in the recollection of a few old people like myself. Not many years ago its northern quarter was burnt, but not before it had become a blot on the burgh which fire alone could remove. A railway station stands in what used to be its centre ; and in the southern quarter most of the old houses have been displaced by new buildings.

There were points of mark all along the Old Street. No one knew the houses by their numbers, if they had any. Where is so and so ? "Ou, he's twa doors ayont the pump."

The pump was a great mark near the centre ; its owner, old Mackenneth, a tall, soldierly man, straight as a rush, a veteran under Sir Sidney Smith at Acre, and regarded with awe by the boys, as having somehow beaten Napoleon. He levied a rate for the water supply, failure to pay which was worse than Notour Bankruptcy.

The pump was a great loitering place in the summer evenings, particularly the Saturday evenings, when Sunday's water supply had to be laid in. The lasses brought up the empty pails which the lads were always in attendance to carry heavy home. They flirt while they wait for their turn of the pump-handle—in no hurry to get it. Their mothers, meantime, knitting at their doors, become "no sure o' thae going ons," watch their work and the pump in turns, and at last perhaps dander down to see the cause of the delay.

Thus cronies from opposite sides of the pump meet and swell the crowd, knitting and chatting away. At length the veteran sallies out in his red night-cap with "Awa' to yer' beds, neibours; am sure it's time till ye, clatterin' roon the door till a body canna hear his own observations. Awa' wi' ye," and proceeds to clap the padlock on the pump-handle. Then the hoops are adjusted to the pails, and there are "races wi'oot spillin'," on the way home. The lasses run to watch the rival beaux, and the knitters leisurely bring up the rear.

Sands' House, also sometimes called Yellow Sands, was a great mark in the street near its north end. If the ass, with its meek head bent to fate, is not standing at the door ready to draw the yellow sand through the town, the chances are it is heigh-hoing over its thistles in the yard. Poor Sands! How often we debated whether you or your ass had the harder fortune. I stood up for the ass then as the least unhappy of the two; and, now that I think of that daughter of yours that went to shame, and that son of yours that was sent to the hulks before your poor old bent back was straightened in its coffin, I see no cause to change the opinion. Poor Sands! As I write I think I see his folded form—his knees inbent, his long arms between his hips and protruded shoulders, like a belt keeping him from falling forward, and hear his asthmatic breathing, as he totters by the ass's head, in the intervals of his feeble "Sand O." Rest his bones! they had small justice when here.

The Rowan-tree, called the "Roddin" tree, to the south of the pump on the opposite side of it, was a great mark, with its thin shank and berries aloft—not unfitting emblem of the poverty of the Old Street, and the bitterness that qualified what of beauty there was in it.

It stood by the haunted house—a point of terror in the street. The house was a ruin in which the boys thought nothing of playing by day; at night it took the courage of three of them to run past it close to the opposite wall.

The whole street was superstitious, and it was agreed that the place was "no canny." The children were kept in order through their terror of the "Bogie" who visited the ruins o' nights. Bogie had horns and a tail—that we knew. The wright saw him one moonlight night turning in to his haunt; the tail was manifest. The same night the tailor saw him looking over the front wall; the horns were clear against the sky. Bogie spent his nights in manufacturing blue lights, which he sent flying over the burgh to settle on the roofs of dying men. They were called "Death's candles." It was at him the dogs howled when there was any one sick in the street. All the falling stars were aimed at the "Roddin" tree.

But the greatest mark for the boys was near the south end of the street—"The Carter's"—the worthy man! There was an open space there; more was the pity, for the carter had long struggled to save enough to build a house upon it. I think I can see him now by the stable-door, through the high paling against which the old coup-cart has been standing many years with its idle heels in the air. I make up my mind to ask him for a ride when he leads out Brown Tom.

The reason why "The Carter's" was the greatest mark was, that opposite it stood the smithy, with sparks flying about; and of nights, the glare of its windows forcing the darkness back from the open space, where in the winter evenings the boys played, going at intervals to the smithy to be allowed to blow the bellows as a favour. In summer they played their games there, "How many miles to Babylon?" "Who goes round the house at this time of night?" and many others; and had trials of pluck and strength. In winter it was the rendezvous of parties of "Ho spy, Ho!" and in other games that required one.

Passing down the Old Street, you could see reflected in the exteriors of the houses the rank and condition of the inhabitants. In many the windows are battered; the naked stones show their

unhewn sides through the gaps in the plaster on the walls; and the doors nearly off their hinges hang in on the clay floors, dirty and full of inequalities. In these the thatch is in rags, and the chimney cans—little old casks—seem ashamed of their position, and to be trying to come down. In others of the same size and fashion the window-panes are whole and clear; the walls and door-steps are whitewashed, and the roofs tight and trim. In some the window-facings are raised with plaster, and painted pink or yellow; the mullions of the windows are in gay colours, and there are flower-pots on the sills. Through the open doors, that in one or two cases are adorned with knockers, you can see the well-washed and sanded wooden floors. All the houses have a "but and a ben," and attic rooms over each. In most of them there live as many as four families—a family to a room. On the whole, you can see that the street contains a poor and ill-conditioned people. The windows alone show that—windows that show the state of a house as the eyes of a man betray him.

There is no West-end in the Old Street; how could there be? but it has its aristocracy. A glance shows you that there are here upper and middle classes, clearly distinguished from one another and the lowest grade. The fact is proclaimed by the houses; by the groups of children at play at "The Carter's." See how the little fellows with the whole clothes and washed faces condescend to their company. They are treated as superior beings, *i. e.* with cuffs from the unwashed, who preponderate, and are jealous of their superiority. There isn't a child in the lot whose father has above a pound a week on which to support his family. But beneath a pound a week there are as many social gradations as there are halfpence in its change in coppers.

The society shades down from old Mackenneth to the parish pauper. Old Mack, with his pension, and pump, and power of cutting off the water supply, is the autocrat of the street. Not far behind him is the popular Corporal

No. 6.

Shaw, who proclaims with the funeral-bell the insufficiency of his government allowance. Of paupers there are not a few; of persons keeping out the devil with difficulty, a good many; but there are in the street, at least thirty heads of families who turn out to church of a Sunday, themselves and children, as decently "put on" as any in the burgh. There is much misery in the street; there are many dens of iniquity; but there are in it homes that might serve as models for empires. There are many religious hard-working men and women there, and children trained to fear God and their parents. It is a poor, and, it is said in the burgh, a wicked street; but there is on it the light of many acts of charity and mercy, daily done by folk to whom the performance is no amusement, but a solemn duty to which kindness and Christian feeling impel them.

Take just a peep at the street on a Sunday. Swaggers, the wright, Beau Brummel of the Old Street, bows almost to falling as he passes, his hand gracefully indicating the curve in which his head is to follow. He goes by in his corduroy breeches and blue stockings, a splash of red cotton handkerchief from the left coat-pocket, his hand in the right pressing the garment home and down on his waist; his cap is set on one side, and his legs are thrown out right and left at each stride, as if he every minute intended to throw them away and be done of them. Mrs. Matty, in her white "mutch" fresh from the Italian iron, white neck-napkin, and apron, and neat pin-spot, looks after him with a smile, thinking perhaps of his grannie, and wife, and bairns, who haven't come out of a Sunday for years for want of decent clothing. The bow-legged tailor twists quickly along, rocking the trotting little fellow in the new "gingum" and hose, and black beaver, whose hand he holds. After him goes pretty sweet Mary Montgomery, the flower of the street, left in it as a gem at a pawn-broker's; pledge of affection in circumstances requiring concealment. Will the coach ever drive down the Old

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Street, and pull up at the Mason's door? as folk believe it will some day: and the lady and gentleman step out and throw themselves weeping on her neck, and own her for their daughter. As the bright thing trips along, Swaggers chances to look round, and seeing her, curves to the left, ducking in a way inconsistent with the free play of his limbs, and almost falls.

Going to church; going to labour, or returning from it; lounging at their doors of a summer evening; sitting in rows at the "catechising," how convey any idea of the folk of the Old Street? In the variety and strength of their individualities, they defy me. There are among them no representative characters properly speaking. The Old Street, like the House of Commons, consisted of people each of whom represented a class somewhere else, and not among themselves. I must just say something of the few who were most distinctly marked off from the rest by peculiarities in their characters and lives.

There was Kate, whom every one liked; the secret of her popularity lying in the sweetness of her disposition, and devotedness as a daughter—certainly not in her personal attractions. She was short and stout, almost round like a cask, with arms like peg-tops. Her black hair, cut almost as short as a boy's, was always in disorder; its natural clusters being the only points of formal beauty about her. Yet I cannot say that she was not *good-looking*; her face was always lighted up by a good and kindly spirit. Her eyes were large and tender like a cow's; the good-humoured, though ridiculous, distortion on her face would have been a sweet smile on finer features. She was not tidy; but how could she be so? Her tatters were better suited to keep away pride than the winds. Her head and feet were always bare; and as she carried her milk-pails, she rolled from side to side; "shougled," as they said in the Old Street. She was never seen without the pails or a barrow—cows' milk or cows' food. No boy allowed her to pass without offering to help her along; to every

child that she met with her barrow, she offered a ride in it. The barrow was called "Kate's coach," in the Old Street; and what with the coach and the pails, no beast of burden was harder worked, no duchess happier.

Kate's house was at the extreme north end of the street; her cow and parents were both mysteries. We boys never saw them; yet we knew they existed; the milk we got at breakfast was from Kate's cow, and all Kate's faithful toil was on account of the old people. Her father was said to have been seen about occasionally; her mother had been paralyzed for years. The cow had never been seen at all that I know of—had received a strict "home education," on "draff," and "burnt ale," sliced turnips, and boiled whins; to fetch which, the "coach" had to come forth so frequently. Some said it was the cow that at low tide nipped the grass off the river banks; but for this there was no proper authority. One thing we knew, that from dawn till dark in the longest summer-day, Kate fagged for the cow and the old folk.

Such was Kate. Passing through the Old Street many years after I ceased to live in it, I met her with her coach. Her fat face was a little furrowed, falling in; her feet were still bare, but on her head there was an old cap, and not a few grey hairs. Was it the old gown? There could be no doubt about the old smile and eyes, though they beamed through a faint cloud of care. She sat down on her wheelbarrow to speak to me, evidently weary; and told me in a low voice that the old folk were gone now, and that she felt lonely in the old house and had nothing to work for, and worked hard only because it was a way she had got into. I looked after her as she proceeded down the street. The fifth generation of little ones in the Old Street were soliciting a ride in the coach; the fourth as anxious as the first to help her along.

How regardless, seemingly, is Providence of what we call virtue! There is a poor-house in our burgh now, and I was there a few days ago inquiring

after some old acquaintance. On a low stool in a corner sat a toothless, grey creature, crooning with her hands against her lank jaws. What a change from the Kate of my early recollections! There was so much that was beautiful and heroic in her life; she was of so happy a disposition, so eager to deny herself to afford pleasure to others; the spectacle overpowered me. The old fogey, who had ridden many times in her coach, sat down by her and tried to bring himself to her recollection. For a minute or two she regarded me with listlessness; but suddenly a flush of the old light illumined her eyes, and the pressure of her skinny hand that I held in mine, assured me that I was recognised.

It so happens that in my recollection of the Old Street, the figure of Corporal Shaw is for ever pegging up and down it, so that I cannot avoid sketching him here. He lived in the house opposite the Roddin-tree; one less courageous would not have dared to do so. He had lost his left leg in the wars; and, when I first knew him, used to peg about idly, or stand at corners with his cronies, a cutty ever in his cheek, and a three-cornered hat planted on his philoprogenitiveness. He was a rare sight to see, with his hard, dry, deeply furrowed face, and thin white whiskers standing well forward to his nose, his old blue coat, brass buttons, and velveteens. Much more was he a treat to hear. He liked a two-handed crack; but in his cups no small audience afforded scope for his talents. He would declaim in the street to the first person he met as if he were an assembly; nor had he ever to wait long for a crowd. Clearing his throat, and whiffing his pipe "to keep her in," were acts which, breaking the torrent of his talk, gave it piquancy, and which were always cheered by the boys. He rarely talked politics, and was essentially a humourist, except when on the greatness of the country, or of the Old Street. These he laid too deeply to heart to make texts for fun. The word "genius" had somehow got into the street, and it was agreed that the popular Corporal was a man of genius.

For a time he held the post of ringer of the funeral bell; he had but to hold it tightly in his hand, and peg along, to ring it by the jerky motion of his walk. As ringer, it was his business to carry the bier and plant it by the dead's door. When on this duty he would often look into the street to see his old woman; at one time the wood of sad omen stood almost daily at his own door. The neighbours, who knew that he loved his wife well, used to say in joke that he was always calling round with the bier to see whether she was ready to go off on it yet. It stood by their door at last in sad earnest for both of them.

Some years before he died he took to drinking, and was dismissed from the public service. It was in retirement that he shone out with the greatest lustre. For a while after his disgrace he was inconsolable; by and by, plucking up, he divided his time between his old cronies at the public-house and the boys at the carter's. When his old woman pounced upon him in the midst of us, he would try to stand on his one leg—sometimes on the peg, which was very ridiculous—to satisfy her that he was quite sober and not liable to be led home. When age began to be heavy upon him he became a reformed character, and spent his time mostly with the boys. He made speeches to them, and was umpire in their games; once he led them in person against their enemies. Between a quarter of the town called the Whitefriars and the Old Street there was a long-standing feud. The boys of the two districts had from time immemorial joined battle with stones on the links by the river, and one year the Corporal having put the Old Street through drill, conceived the idea of buying a drum and heading the forces. The drum bumped against his peg as he strode to the links; we whistled and clattered stones in rank behind him. In sight of the enemy he made us a speech, which, however, was cut short by falling shot from their slings. We fought and conquered. I shall never forget the pride of that evening when we marched to the Corporal's rat-at-tat into the

very heart of the skulking enemy's quarters.

A paralysis in his right leg at last deprived us of him altogether. Before he was yet dead, the boys had instituted a game called "The Corporal"—one with his leg doubled and knee resting on a peg, putting on a three-cornered hat of brown paper, and going through all the forms and ceremonies which the Corporal insisted on when with us, repeating such tags of his speeches as stayed on our memories and mimicking his grimaces.

What a contrast to the noisy veteran was Jamie the Hermit, whose form I can yet see passing like a shadow down the long street. He lived in the house next to the Roddin-tree on the south—a house which was regarded with general interest. I can recall its every lineament. The glass in its windows is clear, and where panes are wanting their place is supplied by boards neatly fitted into the frame. There is but one room, on which the door opens. The articles of furniture are few. There is a plain deal stool and a little table; a pail of water covered with a rough towel stands by a little pan under the dresser, on which are a couple of plates and a bowl. In the corner beyond the fire is the bed, a litter of straw covered by a counterpane of carpet stuff. A couple of burning peats lie the one across the other in their white ashes.

Here is Jamie coming down the street. He may be forty-five years of age; is about five feet six in height, and stoutly built. His wide trousers do not reach down to his ankles; he is barefooted. His coat is very small for him; it was a swallow-tail once, but the tails have been docked to patch the body. His coat is buttoned in front down to the last button; and when he looks up, and raises his large brown beard, you can see that he has no shirt on. The coat-sleeves are short, and his wrists are exposed, like his ankles. His head is bare; his hair cut short; but his face is so covered with hair that the only features visible are the lofty and wrinkled forehead and the eyes.

The form and size of his coat and trousers are their least remarkable characteristics. They have both been patched and repatched with such a variety of stuffs—white, grey, black, blue—he looks like an animated patchwork. He was never seen with a single rent in his dress; scrupulously clean, he may also be said to be scrupulously neat.

As he approaches, you mark weariness in his eyes; they wander over you, look past you, obliquely at you; they never settle. There is no wildness in them; on the contrary, an excessive gentleness. If they ever look keen, it is through their ripeness for tears. His nails are long; they haven't been cut for years; but they are very clean, like everything else about him.

Jamie was born in the Old Street, of pious parents, whom he lost in early life, but not before they had developed in him a sense of religion that ripened into enthusiasm in his highly conscientious and untrained mind. It was said that he could repeat the whole of the Scriptures from memory without committing a mistake; it was certain he gave himself up implicitly to fulfilling all the duties which he conceived them to lay upon him. He lived so simply in the old house—one of two left to him by his father—that the cost of a day's provisions for another man sustained him for a week. His fare was bread and water, potatoes and salt. On these he found that he could live, and he did so. The maxim ever on his tongue was, "Try all things; hold fast that which is good." These he found good, and held fast; and, so little did he know of the world, I can fancy that he was sincere in thinking that he *had* tried all things. His hair was cut short, because "long hair is a shame unto a man;" and he wore no covering on his head, "for a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God." For the rest, his sole study was how to mortify his flesh; and it was said that beneath his coarse coat he often wore sackcloth and ashes.

The boys in the Old Street took off

their caps, and were hushed at his approach. Awe mixed with their respect for one whose manner of life was so different from that of other men.

He was very unobtrusive, but if any one chose to speak to him he would answer freely, and justify from Scripture the mode of life which he observed. He would gently, at parting, cover the difference of opinion between himself and his interrogator by saying that here at best they saw but as through a glass darkly, and express the hope that they would yet meet in the next world, and come to a perfect understanding. He spoke to all men as to brothers. He so often said we were all brothers—we men—took such pleasure in saying it, it was as if somehow he had crept into life without kindred, and cherished his relationship to the human family—that only family without a hearth of some sort—as giving him a *locus standi* in a world in which he were otherwise an interloper. But though unobtrusive, he would sometimes approach the openly vicious, and reprove them with a boldness in odd contrast with his gentle nature. Mrs. A—— was a stout, wild woman, who kept the principal public-house in the Old Street—the “Change House,” as it was called. There was frequently clamour and terror round her door. Often did Jamie reprove her. I remember him one day passing with his usual quietness as she was in the act of striking a poor woman who was waiting about for a chance of leading home her husband who was drinking in the house. Jamie sprang forward to prevent the blow; and with a dignity that I was surprised to see him assume, rebuked her in the name of religion and humanity. “A fig,” said she, “for your sermons! I’m making money.” He approached till his forefinger touched her breast: “Woman,” said he with a touching sorrowfulness, his whole mood suddenly changed, “the Lord reigneth; thy feet shall slide in due season.” They did, for I know she died a beggar. He never paid visits to the neighbours; the only threshold in the street that he ever crossed uninvited was that

of the terrible Maury Duggan, on whose floor in her lifetime perhaps no other human being saving himself ever stood. One night, not long before the wretched old Maury died, I heard him singing by her in her dark room, “The Lord’s my shepherd, I’ll not want,” while she, rejecting his consolations, mumbled curses at him to begone.

He had long periods of fasting; and at last the body which he made it his business to mortify could bear its trials no longer. He had fasted several days before his illness, coming abroad as usual. Though he never begged, it was known that he was often in want, and by a common understanding of the neighbours his simple necessities were always provided for. Whether his last fast was voluntary, no one could say; he neither complained during it nor in the interval between the discovery of his great weakness of body and his death. Two days passed between his being last seen abroad and the fear arising that all was not right with him. When the neighbours entered his room, there was nothing in it to eat or drink, and poor Jamie lay on his pallet, too feeble to raise himself. Everything was done that could be done to restore him; the neighbours took turn about of tending him during the night. In a few days he fevered, and the dispensary doctor thought it proper that his head should be shaved. The fever left him before he died; he rallied a little, and there was hope of his recovery; but his frame was worn out, and he ultimately sank. I was brought to see him the day before his death by my mother, who had always been a good friend to him. There wasn’t a hair on his head or face, and there was nothing by which to recognise him. When we entered he appeared to be sleeping, and the room was as hushed—though there were several women in it—as if it were empty. By and by he moved, and was understood to express a desire to speak to Mrs. A—— the publican. The wish surprised every one; but Mrs. A—— was sent for. When the virago, who after all had a woman’s heart in her, entered the

room, she didn't look at any of us, but went and seated herself by the bedside. Jamie said nothing for some time; she had taken his hand in hers, and he looked up wistfully at her, and appeared to be praying. At last he said something to the effect, as I gathered, that she would never see him nor be troubled by him any more; and I think he showed that he felt that towards her he had not always acted in the spirit of long-suffering and charity. When I left the room she was sobbing aloud on her knees by his low bed, with her face covered with her apron.

I said Jamie was the only person in the street, so far as I knew, who ever crossed the threshold of Maury Duggan. Maury was an Irish beggar-woman, who had long lived in the street; whence, or how she came into it, no one knew. She was very ugly, a shapeless mass of dirty rags, with a wicked, restless grey eye, set in a deeply wrinkled and bearded face. She was very bad; the world was in a conspiracy to keep alive her evil passions. She was believed to be uncanny, and it was whispered that she had the evil eye. There wasn't a mother in the street would stand at the door with her babe in her arms if she saw Maury coming along. I don't wonder that they got out of her way. As her image crosses my brain, I draw back with somewhat of the old feeling with which I shrank from her as a boy. She was the ugliest human being I ever saw living, and the first I ever saw dead.

Her house was a point of terror in the street; yet the boys were often drawn to it in spite of, perhaps because of, their fears. She lived a little north of the pump, on the opposite side of the street, in a room with an earthen floor, below the level of the roadway, and on to which the rain-water often ran and settled in pools. There was no glass in her windows; the upper part of the frame was away altogether, and across the open space, hung an old gown—poor shelter in the cold nights. Some of the squares in the lower frame were filled with panes of wood; into others

were stuffed bundles of rags, which, I regret to say, the boys often pushed in of a night, in order to look at Maury. There was a state of war between her and them, in the conduct of which there was nothing that wasn't legitimate.

Often when the mischief had been done was I led by curiosity to the window, to look in like the rest. I never saw a candle burning there; only a few times did I see a fire. Once when it was snowing without, I remember a little spark on the hearth, and Maury blowing it with her mouth. Often we looked in on utter darkness, in which she was muttering to herself; and once I remember, on a boy striking a light, we saw her seated on the floor, with her knees drawn up, rocking to and fro, opposite the vacant fireplace.

When she came out to beg, such of the boys as could trust their hands to touch her rags, often pulled her about, and wherever she appeared, the cry "Maury Duggan, Maury Duggan," was raised. Experience had taught her the policy of suffering quietly; but sometimes her face would suddenly fire up with fiendish emotions, and she would turn on her savage tormentors, curse them, and strike at them with her stick. I have seen her, when baffled by her nimble foes, go down on her knees and invoke curses on their heads that are heavy on my memory to this hour. Sometimes she would surprise them with a volley of stones picked up in the distance. If, before I was ten years old, I was familiar through her face with the expression of every hateful human passion, the conduct of the boys to her anticipated for me much that I have since learned of the cruelty of untutored savages.

My recollection of Maury is not softened by much pity. She never, that I am aware, gave a sign of kindness, womanly feeling, humanity. I cannot say that the neighbours did not pity and assist her. They did both; but they feared her who never spoke but in curses to their bairns. I have often since thought, that she was one between whom and children war was the only

possible relation. If she never tried to win them by kindness—how would they have received kindness from one made by nature so ungainly? Poor wretch! one evening, as she was entering her lair she was seen to totter forwards, and fall in over the door-step. On being taken up she was found to be dead.

I have often tried to picture for myself the early life of such a being. From the cradle and unspotted innocence to such an end, what a history!

What scenes rise before me in closing these recollections, that would defy the most skilful pencil. Not all lovely. At one I clench my fists—a pale, little woman, with dishevelled hair and blood on her thin face from a recent wound, running with a cry from a man in his shirt-sleeves, who, bare-headed, staggers after her with a cleaver. What a life she led yoked to that man! Yet often I saw her sitting at the door-step, when the sun shone, knitting and looking perfectly cheerful. It puzzled me that she could even for a moment seem happy. And indeed there was much in the Old Street to force even a very young person to think how those whom we call "the wretched" live on and endure. I remember I used to fancy that the preserving principle was conceit blinding them to circumstances. We had none so wretched among us but looked with pity, if not contempt, on many of his neighbours. Nor am I now certain that the fancy is without a

degree of truth. I have never known a human being, however miserable, that did not despise some class of his brothers; the most wretched I ever saw despised a whole nation. I was coming through one of our slums when I met her. At the head of a close sat the dirty stucco-faced woman, about forty years of age, with her knees drawn up to her chin. Her snarled and tattered cap had fallen on to her right shoulder; her dark hair was all rumbled, and a string of it hung down between her fishy eyes. Her arms hung before her, and she was trying, with her head slightly turned on one side, to suck into her mouth the tangle of hair that fell over her face. As I drew near, a storm of curses burst from the inner court, and, looking in, I saw a ruffian in rags ducking, to avoid a missile flung at him with an oath by a woman who, standing out to the waist from a window in the uppermost story, was shaking her fists at him, while farther up the court a mass of wretches were hustling over some one who had fallen. I turned to ask what was the matter. She was occupied as when I first saw her. Neither the fight nor my stopping to see it had disturbed her. On my question she looked up, and saying, with what in a lady would have been the tone of languor, "It's merely them miserable Irish," she resumed her amusement.

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

BY E. VANSITTART NEALE.

AMONG the various subjects of interest contained in that rich storehouse of valuable information, the recent work where Sir Emerson Tennant has gathered together the fruits of personal observation and extensive research, to illustrate the natural productions and scenery, the history and antiquities, the customs and institutions of the beautiful island of Ceylon, no mean place must be allotted

to his picturesque descriptions of "the numerous ecclesiastical buildings, whose number and magnitude form a remarkable characteristic" of that country; its rock temples with their gigantic statues, and its curious *Dhagobas*, or relic shrines.

These edifices, not less venerable from their antiquity than imposing from their size (one of the *Dhagobas* dates from B.C. 289, and another built B.C. 87, was

405 feet high and 1130 in circumference), carry us back to the thoughts of a man who quitted this earthly scene about 2,400 years before our day, leaving behind him a name not soon to pass away; a man to whom the title of a religious hero may be justly applied, if the exercise of a prodigious influence on the religious belief of mankind gives the right to such a title; and who is not less deserving of it from his private character—so far as this is discernible by us through the uncertain haze of tradition—to Siddhartha of the royal race of Sākya, known in Indian history as Gautama Buddha.

Those shrines were raised to receive his relics, or the relics of the early propagators of his doctrines. Those statues represent him in the various acts of meditation, or teaching, or blessing. Ceylon is full of traces of him. Natural objects, as well as human works, bear witness to his memory. In the mass of hornblende and schist which forms the almost perpendicular summit of Adam's Peak, is a curious indentation, alleged to be the mark of Buddha's footstep. The *peepul*, a species of fig, conveys in its other name of *bo-tree*, an allusion to his story; and the legends attached to a venerable specimen of it still flourishing among the ruins of Avnarajapoor, take us back 2,149 years, to the time when Mahindu, the missionary son of Asoka, the then pious ruler of all northern India, came to preach to the Ceylonese the word of Buddha.

Nor are these the memorials of an extinct belief; hieroglyphics of a past, regarded by the present only with aversion or indifference. In the Viharas, or monasteries, which, as Sir E. Tennant assures us, still preserve their ancient organization, the ascetic priests, whose "humble thatched dwellings" surround the central temple, teach now the same doctrines as their predecessors taught beneath the palm groves of Ceylon, when Pyrrhus was invading Italy, and Ptolemy Philadelphus reigned over Egypt.

In Ceylon and Burma, in Siam, and the adjoining peninsulas of Southern

Asia, in Nepal and Tibet, among the Mongols whose name once spread terror throughout Europe, in the populous islands of the Japanese empire, and among the swarming millions of China, the doctrine of Gautama Buddha still is, and for many centuries has been, the prevailing belief. The cave temples of Ellora, and the numerous *Topes*, or *Dhagobas*, scattered over Central and Northern India, and the Punjab, tell of the time when its influence was recognized from the mouths of the Ganges to the mountains of Cabool—an influence which lasted for at least 1,000 years. Even now, though in these populous districts it has yielded to the older national creed of Brahminism, it is the religion of nations whose population, if that of China be taken at the 330,000,000 assigned to it by the most recent authorities, is little short of 400,000,000.

And this prodigious extension has not resulted from the natural diffusion of some race, which, spreading over the earth, has carried its hereditary creed with it; nor yet is it due, like the spread of Mahometanism, to the fiery zeal of a conquering people. The faith of Buddha originated from a single point, from an individual, whose existence is as certain as that of Confucius or Socrates; and whose death modern inquirers agree in fixing in 543 B.C. It has spread from land to land through the zeal of learned missionaries, by argument and conviction, not through violence. Its annals, indeed, are marked by a singular spirit of toleration. If we except the doubtful history of one religious war, between a reforming party in Tibet, and those whom they endeavoured to reform, its orthodox adherents have contented themselves with denouncing the punishments of a future world against the heretics whose doctrines they unflinchingly repudiated; and have left them in this world unmolested by the civil power. And although Buddhism appears to have been rooted out of India by persecution, we do not find that either there or elsewhere, the Buddhist priesthood have resorted to persecution for its establishment.

Under these circumstances, the inquiry whence Buddhism has derived its power of growth; what there can be in it to constitute its mighty hold upon men's minds, is one of no small interest: and that interest is increased by a remarkable peculiarity attending this belief. Buddhism has all the external signs of a religion. Wherever it has existed, temples and shrines have arisen. We find in all Buddhist countries a splendid ceremonial of worship, crowds of worshippers, forms of prayer in use in order to obtain benefits or ward off injury. Its sacred legends are interwoven with miracles of the most astonishing kind. And yet inquirers, deeply versed in its doctrines, assert that at bottom it is a system of Atheism, denying the existence of any supreme intelligent Deity, and worshipping a being whom its most learned doctors declare to be entirely unconscious of the worship he receives.

There is a mystery here which deserves investigation, and a little time and patience may not be thrown away in examining, as I propose to do, so far as the limits of this paper allow, what the belief known as Buddhism really is, and in what its strength lies.

It lies, as I apprehend, in three things; 1st. In the strong grasp taken by Buddha of a great moral truth, which in every age and country has forced itself upon the thoughts of meditative men. 2ndly. In a bold philosophical system, by which this moral truth is raised into a universal law of existence. 3rdly. In the formation of institutions which have arisen out of the application of this system to actual life, and have given to it the power of penetrating into the heart of society.

"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "all is vanity—all things are full of labor"—man cannot utter it. The eye is not "satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with "hearing . . . I have seen all the works "that there are under the sun, and behold "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." On this truth, which, more or less, finds an echo in every breast, Siddartha *Sakyanuni*, i.e. the hermit of Sakya, took his stand with the Jewish preacher; but, unlike the latter, he did not stop

there. The difference will be best understood by the story of his early life; a story so consistent with his subsequent teachings, that I venture to assume its main outlines to be real, notwithstanding the dazzling mist of legendary wonder cast around them.

Siddartha, then, was the eldest son of the king of Capila; a town situated near the present Goruckpoor. Tall, handsome, with large blue eyes and a lofty forehead, endowed with great personal strength, and married to the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring prince, he lived till nearly the age of twenty-nine immersed in the enjoyments which his station permitted. But at that period, the sight of an old decrepit man, of a leper, and of a corpse, led him to meditate on his own liability to age, sickness, and death; while, shortly afterwards, the countenance of a brahminical devotee whom he accidentally met, fascinated him by the contrast of its calm tranquillity with the restless and jaded expression of his father's courtiers. Soon his mind is made up; he tears himself away from his sleeping wife, casting only one glance on his infant son as it slumbered in her arms, rides rapidly to the banks of the river Amoma, there cuts off with his own hands his long hair, dismisses his sole attendant, assumes the garb of a *Bhikshu*, i.e. a religious mendicant, and begs his first meal in the town of Rabagriha, near Gaya; overcoming his disgust at the coarse food, by reflecting, "Let element join element."

The king of the city was an old friend; but vainly did he endeavour to draw Siddartha back to the enjoyments of his station. He withdrew into the forest, and there spent six years in meditation and abstinence; patiently striving, with such help as a few Brahminical ascetics could afford him, to solve the mystery of his own existence, and that of the universe. At the end of this period, he renounced the effort to subdue his will by austerities which, as he discovered, did but weaken his body, and cloud his intellect; concentrated his attention on the discipline of

his spiritual nature, resumed the alms-bowl, and the habit of eating in moderation of common food, and after seven weeks of profound meditation spent under different trees, ending with the bo-tree, *i.e.* the tree of wisdom, claimed to have attained the revelation of supreme intelligence, and came forth as Buddha, *i.e.* "the all-knowing," to reveal to mankind the path to the City of Peace. The patronymic of Gautama served as a distinction from other Buddhas, whom he believed to have been his predecessors.

The visions of Swedenborg, and the dreams of an intuitive knowledge of the whole mystery of existence, which have filled Germany in our own days, may explain the pretensions of Gautama Buddha, without obliging us to impugn his sincerity. I proceed to indicate the path of deliverance which he pointed out.

The source of human misery, he said, is unwise desire. Mankind are the victims of covetousness, enmity, impurity, and ignorance of good, gross and sluggish of soul, because unaccustomed to the exercises of meditation. They are like a clump of many knotted bamboos, whose branches and leaves are so entangled that none can be extricated. In this state sorrows of every kind hang heavily on the horizon of their life.

From it there are four stages to complete deliverance.

The first stage is the renunciation of self-confidence. Men say, "we are;" "this is ours;" as if they could live for ever. The entrance to the path of wisdom is to learn the transitory nature of ourselves, all our knowledge and all our possessions, to look out for a wiser teacher, and to value his precepts. Thus will the three lowest knots of the bamboo be cleared.

The second stage carries on the learner, by appropriate meditation, to the renunciation of self-complacency, and of the disposition to wish evil to others: clearing two more knots.

The third stage teaches us to renounce the attachment to every thing which gives pleasure to eye, or ear, or smell, or

taste, or touch; and to soar on the wings of meditation into a region of calm equanimity, whence the objects of sense appear too mean and insignificant to awaken desire.

Ten knots of the bamboo are now cleared. Of the elements of existence there remains thought only. Is any further advance possible? Buddha answers, Yes. There is still a fourth stage before sorrow can be finally vanquished. It is to renounce all desire of existence, even of the existence of pure thought. Raise yourselves to this point of self-renunciation, and you will attain a joy inexpressible, a peace which can never pass away; you will become an *Arhat*, *i.e.* a high and worthy one, and float far above all the sorrow of existence, in the cloudless region of absolute tranquillity. In Buddhist language you will attain the fruition of *Nirwana*, *i.e.* the state of breathing away, which on the death of the body will finally await you.

Such was Buddha's exposition of the great moral truth which lies at the bottom of his system, the truth that human life is full of sorrow, because it is full of selfish desire; whence Buddha inferred that the path to deliverance lay in the entire renunciation of all desire, including the desire of existence.

Had he stopped at the enunciation of this principle, he might perhaps have founded a philosophical sect; but he never would have influenced the body of mankind. His sway over them has arisen from the boldness with which he raised his exposition of this moral truth into the regulating principle of all sentient being.

He taught that birth in this world, is not the beginning, nor death the end of life. In one vast unending round the tide of being flows on. Every creature is subject to production, growth, decay, and re-production. There are countless universes besides this earth, but all are formed on the same plan, and are themselves subject to the same law of formation, decay, and renovation. Four continents lie around a great central mountain, Meru, about which,

sun and moon, and planets and stars, revolve. Beyond these continents is the encircling ocean; beneath them is hell; above them are the heavens, in three successive stages; the first completing the world of sense, of which hell and our earth form a part; the second constituting the world of form; the third constituting the formless world. And hell, and each of the upper worlds have many subdivisions. Life in these heavens and in the hells is prolonged to periods of vast extent, which are spent, by the inhabitants of the hells in unspeakable torments; by those of the heavens in enjoyments greatly surpassing the enjoyments of earth. But everywhere there is death: neither the pains of hell, nor the joys of the heavens are endless. And death is everywhere followed, so long as the desire of existence has not been overcome, by re-birth either into one of the hells, or heavens, or into some form of sentient existence upon earth; the particular condition of each individual being determined by the accumulated merit or demerit of his or her past existence. Cruelty and covetousness, and falsehood and lust, and drunkenness, and other vices will heap up a stock of demerit, producing re-birth in one of the hells, or at least in some wretched condition of life upon earth, according to the amount of demerit in store. The practice of the opposite virtues will insure re-birth in one of the heavens, or in some desirable condition upon earth, according to the store of accumulated merit. And the law of merit and demerit is declared in every universe by Buddhas; whose number, and the times of their appearance is determined when the universe is formed; and who, by the mysterious internal power of their will, are led to follow during long ages the desire of becoming the deliverers of their brethren, and to exercise in repeated births the virtues whose collective merit opens to them at length the fountain of boundless wisdom, whence all who will may quench the thirst of existence. For sentient being has its deep root in the ignorance of true wisdom, whence arises thought,

and from thought consciousness, and from consciousness body and mind, and from these the organs of perception, and from the action of these organs the various modes of desire, and from desire the modes of actual existence, which finds its expression in birth, and growth, and sorrow, and decay, till death breaks up the elements of the individual life, but leaves the re-productive power subsisting to run the same round again.

A weary round! yet one from which wisdom, embodied in the Buddhas, offers to all alike the knowledge of the way of deliverance; or, if this road is too hard for any to travel to its final stage, then offers to them at least the means of securing as much happiness as is compatible with their still remaining desire. Of the Buddhas belonging to the universe of the earth, Gautama declared himself to be the fourth; the appointed number being five, of whom the last would appear 5,000 years after Gautama's decease to renew his doctrine, which, in obedience to the universal law of decay, would by that time be neglected and forgotten, as had been the case with the teachings of his predecessors.

Such, in its main outlines, was the system of thought which Gautama Buddha preached for forty-five years through Upper and North-Western India, gathering round himself numerous disciples, till, at the age of eighty, he died near Kusinara, in a mango grove, surrounded, it is said, by 500 of his most eminent followers; to whom his dying words were, "*Bhikshus*, I exhort you for the last time,—transitory things are perishable,—qualify yourselves for *Nirvana*."

It remains to describe the institutions which have secured to the teaching of Gautama, its penetrative and enduring power; institutions by which his greatness as a religious inventor is chiefly shown. For we must not suppose that his system of thought was altogether his own. On the contrary, one great cause of the rapid progress of his doctrine lay in the circumstance that its scattered elements formed part of the

received opinions of his countrymen. He worked, as true genius always works, with the materials lying ready to his hand ; but he so combined these materials as to give an entirely new impulse to the society among which he appeared : an impulse whose effect is not yet exhausted.

In India, when Gautama taught, as in India now, caste was prevalent. Under the teaching of Gautama, caste disappeared. "My law is a law of "mercy for all," said Buddha. "All "need my help, and none are excluded "from it. To the highest brahmin and "the lowest pariah, to the man and the "woman, to the rich and the poor, to "the virtuous and the criminal, the exercises of self-renunciation are the feet "by which they tread the way to repose "over the desert of existence. The "merit and the reward of every one "depend solely on the degree of proficiency attained in these exercises ; "among the company of the faithful "there is no distinction but that arising "from the advance made in the paths "of peace."

Again, in India, when Gautama began to teach, retirement from the world for the practice of a life of self-mortification was not uncommon. His own history shows this. But the recluses were hermits, acting each for himself, according to his own fancies. Some lived entirely in the forest ; some disdained the use of clothes or ablutions ; some would eat no flesh ; some made a merit of starving or otherwise torturing their bodies. Asceticism ran wild in their hands. Gautama regulated it. He did not prohibit the residence in the forest, on the contrary, he commended it, and spent much of his own time there ; and the word *Pansala*, i.e. leaf dwelling, is the appropriate expression for the residence of the Buddhist priest. But on the fantastic extravagances of ascetic piety he placed a complete check by an elaborate system of rules, in which the dress, the behaviour, the food, and manner of obtaining it, the whole conduct, in short, of those who seek to enter the paths to the city of peace, is minutely prescribed.

The body is to be kept clean, and decently clad in an under dress, a tunic, and a yellow robe, of which the material must be of some vegetable substance, that life may not be sacrificed in making it, and which is to be formed of many patches, that there may be nothing about it to excite vanity. The appetite is to be governed by the priest living upon such food as he can collect in his alms-bowl ; and a daily exercise of self-control is provided by the prohibition to eat after mid-day. But if the body is not to be pampered, it is not to be exhausted. "We take care of it," says one of Buddha's most learned followers, "as we take care of a wound ; not "because we delight in it, but to obtain "power for keeping the precepts." The writings of Buddha anticipate the maxim that "bodily exercise profiteth little."

This watchfulness over the extravagances of asceticism naturally led Buddha to encourage his followers to reside together in fixed establishments, where the younger disciples could be trained up in the knowledge and observance of his rules ; while the collective body could exercise a healthy control over each of its members. Hence arose that most important of Buddhist institutions, the *Vihara*, i.e. *temple college*, or, in western language, the monastery ; that source of spiritual life ; and of formalism, the greatest enemy of this life ; of strength, by reconciling the individual poverty of the priest with the collective wealth of the order ; of weakness, by tempting the rapacity of one age to seize what the piety of its predecessors has bestowed.

By this institution the solitary ascetic was converted into the member of an order of priests, for the temple formed part of the *vihara*. He became a limb in a collegiate body, into which he was received after a novitiate, on proof of competent knowledge, and a blameless life during its continuance, and from which he was liable to be cut off, for grave offences against morals or orthodoxy. But whilst Buddha thus put a bridle upon the excesses of asceticism, he did not destroy the freedom belonging

to the hermit. The priest, during the greater part of the year, may reside out of his vihara, and may, if he so chooses, at any time give up his higher profession without forfeiting his right to be counted among the faithful; nay, may again resume the yellow robe, if in throwing it off he obtained the consent of the members of the vihara to which he belonged.

Through the institution of these collective bodies of priests, Buddha made provision for the diffusion of his doctrines among all classes of the community. He ordained that during the three months of the rainy season the priests should always reside in fixed habitations, and teach *bana*, i.e. the word, to the people. From this practice, which, when Buddha's teaching had been reduced into writing, after his decease, became bound up with the public reading of the holy books, has originated one of the most interesting customs of Ceylon, called *Wass*. During the rainy season, especially at or near the full moon, large bodies of people may be seen collected in the evenings under open circular sheds, usually to be found in the neighbourhood of the viharas; the females in their gayest attire, their hair combed back and fastened with silver pins behind their heads, and the men in cotton dresses of dazzling whiteness. In the centre of the assembly is a platform covered with white cloth, embroidered with moss, flowers, and the young leaves of the cocoa-nut, and hung with coloured lamps, where the priests take their stand, and chant, through the calm nights of that brilliant climate, passages from the sacred books, or from approved comments upon them, while at every repetition of the sacred name of Buddha, the whole body of listeners join in an exclamation of praise.

We are thus brought to the second of the great institutions which have given energy to Buddhism—the formation of bodies of associated laics.

Every religion which seeks to improve human conduct must experience a

difficulty in knowing how to deal with the ever-growing population of those to whom faith in it is a matter of inheritance, but who entertain no strong personal conviction of the belief they profess—the half-converted and half-awakened class of our Western preaching. To Buddhism, this difficulty in dealing with the mass of the population among whom it sought to take root, presented itself in the strongest form; for it placed the goal of perfection in the entire renunciation of self: a renunciation necessarily involving a life of celibacy and the abandonment of all personal property. "To people its heavens" it must truly "have unpeopled earth." How was it to treat the numerous class who might lend a favourable ear to its teachings, who might be ready to take the first steps towards the city of peace, to exercise the lower grades of self-denial, but who had not resolution enough to carry them all the way along the sacred path. "Let them associate themselves with us as far as they can go," is Gautama's reply. "Let them renounce confidence in themselves. Let them profess their readiness to take refuge in Buddha, in the truth, *Dharma*, and in the associated saints, *Sangha*; and then let them take upon themselves the voluntary obligation to keep as many as they can of the fundamental precepts which forbid the sins of body, speech, or mind—murder, theft, adultery, lying, slander, abuse, unprofitable conversation, covetousness, malice, drunkenness, gambling, idleness, bad company, &c. These shall be our lay brothers and sisters. If any are unwilling to pledge themselves for the whole of life, let them fix the duration of the obligation at some shorter period. The voluntary observance of the precepts, or any one of them, were it but for a single day, is a step onwards upon the road, and sows a seed of merit which will not fail to bear its fruit. In some future birth their good deeds may earn for them the blessedness of a clearer insight into the teachings of true wisdom; and the conviction of the nothingness and misery

"of existence may give them resolution
"enough to cross the ocean of being and
"gain the shore of unending rest."

Thus did Buddha fulfil his profession of opening the way of deliverance to all mankind. That the spread of Buddhism was greatly due to the influence of these lay brethren, among whom the rich, the noble, and the great could find a place without abandoning their wealth and social position, seems clear. The accounts of the early Buddhist missionaries constantly distinguish the number of converts from the number of those who followed the perfect life. The inscriptions on the colonnade round the great tope at Sanchi, described by Major Cunningham, commemorate the names of lay brethren among the donors of the pillars. The zeal of many of the monarchs of India, China, and Ceylon, for the spread of Buddhism is clearly attested, and they could not be ascetic recluses. At a recent period, Mr. Judson found the most popular expounder of Buddhism at Rangoon to be a lay brother, who had been a priest but had returned to common life; and Mr. Hardy, in his "*Eastern Monachism*," gives an account of a recent reforming movement among the Buddhists of Ceylon, which originated in the zeal of a layman, who subsequently obtained ordination as a priest in Burma.

What has been said may show wherein the strength of this remarkable creed principally consists. Let me add a few words on its weakness.

1st. Buddhism is weak intellectually, from the same cause whence arises the weakness of all philosophies which lay claim to intuitive knowledge, namely, their collision with the results of experimental investigation. The hells and heavens of Buddhism are bound up, with Great Meru; round which sun, moon, planets, and stars revolve. When the learned Buddhist discovers that geography and astronomy dispose of Mount Meru, with its circumjacent continents, and encircling oceans, and circumambient celestial bodies, he must be driven, if he retains his faith, to rationalize away his sacred books; and

as he loses his firm trust in their infallibility, must lose also the foundation of his confidence in that endless reproduction of existence through the operation of desire, which lies at the bottom of his whole system.

2d. Buddhism is weak, intellectually, from its prodigious fondness for the miraculous—a tendency arising, apparently, out of the belief that to him who has attained true wisdom, and thus stands above all the delusions of desire, whence existence springs, this inferior power cannot offer any obstacle, but must yield to his will. The working of miracles is reduced in it to a system, the power being held to be attainable by all true followers of Buddha who perform any of the ten acts of profound meditation called *Kasinas*; though it is admitted that, at the present day, few persons, if any, can perform them aright. The description of these acts would take up too much space to allow of its being given here. It may be sufficient to mention, as some of their results, that they enable the holy performer to multiply his person indefinitely; to pass through the air with the swiftness of wind; to walk on the water; to see through and penetrate solid substances; to create rain, rivers, and seas; to shake the earth or any part of it; to call down fire from heaven; to make his own body or any other substance luminous; to change any substance into the appearance of gold; to produce any figure of any colour he pleases, &c. &c.

Of course, the possession of these powers in their fullest extent is attributed to Buddha. His life and that of his early followers are little more than a series of marvels. How far he himself claimed the possession of any power of this sort, it is not, however, easy to determine. For although his teaching appears to have been committed to writing soon after his decease, the legends about him are of a date so much later, as to have allowed ample time for the growth of a crop of imaginary wonders, whose luxuriance almost conceals the true Sákya from our sight.

For instance, they raise his stature to eighteen cubits; cover the soles of his feet with 216 peculiar marks, 108 on each; convert an indentation five feet long, and proportionably wide, existing, as above noticed, on Adam's Peak, into an impression of his footprint; seen in the constant motion of the leaves of the bo-tree, ever trembling, even in the profoundest calm, on their long slender stalks, a perpetual memorial of the wonderful scene witnessed by this holy plant, when Sákya became Buddha; and tell how a branch of the original tree spontaneously separated itself, at the prayer of Asoka, from the parent stem, that it might be transported to Ceylon, to edify king Tissa. But the main root of the Buddhist miracles appears to be the desire to assert the superiority of the inward life of wisdom over all outward existence, and the abundant growth of wonders, which has sprung up from it, is not undeserving of study, by those who are curious in the natural history of the miraculous legend.

3rd. Buddhism is weak morally, from the inevitable tendency of every system of minutely regulated religious observances to degenerate into an external formalism. And the same cause appears also to affect its intellectual character, injuriously. At least, modern observers describe the priests in its monasteries, as seeming in many cases to be in a state not far removed from idiocy.

4th. Buddhism is weak morally, from the want of an active principle of goodness in its teachings. Its virtue is essentially negative. It enjoins men to "cease to do evil," but stops short of urging them to "learn to do well." The positive maxims of morality which adorn its practical precepts, and define, often with great beauty, the relative duties of parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, &c. are rather the offspring of the natural emotions of goodness which spring up whenever the rank growth of selfish passion is destroyed, than the legitimate result of the principles on which it insists. Hence Buddhism has been accused, not without

justice, of being unfruitful in good works. Its priests are said to be generally kind, and hospitable according to their means, and are sometimes famed for medical skill; and travellers speak of the Vihara's as affording them a friendly welcome, when it has been denied them elsewhere. But no orders like those of the "Sisters of Charity," or the "Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paula," have arisen out of the innumerable cloisters, with which Buddhism has covered the East; and although hospitals and asylums for cripples, women in their confinement, the blind, the deformed, and the destitute, are recorded as having formerly been founded by the munificence of Buddhist sovereigns, no institutions of this nature seem to spring up from the voluntary action even of the largest Buddhist communities.

Indeed, the disposition out of which such foundations might arise, is curiously distorted by the teaching of the sacred books in respect of the virtue of almsgiving. Alms, they say, are well bestowed in proportion as the recipient of them is worthy of the gift: a proposition in itself indisputable. But since the great motive to the practice of almsgiving or of any other virtue, lies, according to the Buddhist doctrine, in the merit to be acquired by their exercise, and the merit of alms is held to be lessened if the gift is ill-bestowed, it follows that the current of charity is diverted from the simply destitute—whose very destitution is to the Buddhist, at least a presumption of their unworthiness—to be directed to the worthiest on earth, to the community of priests, who are bound to receive the gifts bestowed, that the faithful may acquire merit; though forbidden by the self-renouncing principles of their creed, to retain them for their private advantage.

In truth, Buddhism is, as its name implies, the Deification of Wisdom. Buddha is the all-wise; and the doctrine of self-renunciation which forms the moral strength of his system, springs from a lively conviction of the impermanency and unreality of the world of

sense; not from that aspiration after communion with a being of perfectly unselfish goodness, which kindled the genius of Plato, and forms the deep root of Christian morality.

And herein lies the explanation of that startling peculiarity of Buddhism, that it is a religion which does not recognise any conscious intelligence in the object of its worship. Wisdom asks only for insight. It wants no other god than a power, by means of which it can account for phenomena. Buddha beheld around him an ever active force, working according to certain fixed laws which he believed himself to have discovered, and he remained satisfied with this discovery. He asked for nothing more. Why this force should work as it did do, he does not attempt to explain. The ultimate cause of being he expressly declares to be unknown. He contents himself therefore, with asserting that there is such a cause, and without saying anything about its nature, confines himself to the enunciation of the law according to which its operations are conducted.

To those who enter into the force of the declaration that God is love,—who seek in the Divine being for a spirit with whom the soul of man can hold communion,—this mode of thought must be entirely unsatisfactory. It robs them of the conceptions in which they are accustomed to find the purest pleasures. But it is curious to observe to how great an extent the moral force, which, to the Buddhist, supplies the place of a conscious God, fulfils the functions commonly assigned by Christian teachers to the Divine Being, if we exclude those which specially relate to the inward life of the soul.

Thus it is a power by which this world has been created, is upheld, and will be destroyed; a power ever busy in superintending human affairs; a power from which no action, however secret, can escape; which will infallibly

reward the good and punish the bad; a power which has provided for mankind an infallible declaration of the truths essential to their eternal welfare; a power which enables its chosen instruments to work miracles; a power from which, by proper forms of supplication, man can obtain the grant of earthly blessings, and protection from earthly dangers; a power to which it is the duty of man to offer worship.

This worship is directly addressed to Buddha; who, although as an individual he has passed away, yet, as the embodiment of wisdom, represents to the Buddhist the all-regulating power whose law of action he unfolded. It may be asked how can it be reasonable to worship an unconscious being? The Buddhist theologian is at no loss for an answer. By offering this worship they say you put in motion a force which will work out the accomplishment of your desires. That this is so we know, for Buddha has declared it. You may not understand how the effect can be produced, but this is only what happens to you every day. Is the earth which you cultivate conscious of your acts; and do you know how it causes the plants to grow? The doctrines of the Buddhist leave no room for prayer, if it be regarded as the lifting up of the heart to God. But prayer, considered as a mysterious power by which men can move God to do what they wish, is consistent with the Buddhist belief, and is constantly practised in Buddhist communities.

To describe the Buddhist system as a system of atheism, is then to convey a false impression of its character, and to deal with words rather than with the thoughts represented by them. It may be described more truly as a system which dwells on the conception of the Divine power to the exclusion of that of the Divine goodness; which sees in God only the Creator, Ruler, and Judge, but not the Father of mankind.

A HEDGE-SIDE POET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A poor tired, wandering singer, singing through
The dark."

We hear a good deal now of poets of the people. The days are gone by when glorious ploughmen and inspired shepherds were made much of at noblemen's tables, and treated by noblewomen with something of the magnificent protection which the great Glumdalclitch accorded to Lemuel Gulliver. We no longer meet them led about as tame lions by an admiring, yet patronising host, who hints "hush!" at the least prospect of their roaring; and they are expected to roar always at the keeper's will—never against it. But if in these times they are more independent, they are much less rare and majestic creatures. They haunt every literary drawing-room by twos and threes,—the mud of their aboriginal fields still sticking to their illustrious boots,—pleased, but awkward; trying hard to tone down their native accents, manners and customs, to the smooth level of what is termed "good society." Or else, taking the opposite tack, are for ever thrusting forward, with obnoxious ostentation, their "origin;" forgetting that the delicate inborn refinement which alone can save a nobleman from being a clown, is also the only thing which can make a clodhopper into a gentleman. If it have not made him such—in manners as in mind—he may be a poet, but he remains a clodhopper still.

But, happily, many of these poets of the people are likewise of the true "gentle" blood; and thus, be their birth ever so humble, they rise, step by step, educating themselves—heaven knows how—but they are educated: acquiring, as if by instinct, those small social *bienséances*, which are good as well as pleasant, being the outward indication of far better things. Men such as these, wherever met, are at once easily recognisable, and quickly recognised;

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society gives them a cordial welcome; they are neither merely tolerated nor insultingly patronised; but take by right their natural place in the world, as its "best" portion—its truest aristocracy.

There is yet another class of born poets, whom the muse finds at the plough, the loom, the forge, the tailor's board, or the cobbler's stall,—and leaves them there. This, from various causes. First, because genius, or talent—call it which you please—is infinite in its gradations; the same amount of intellectual capacity which, found in an educated person, will enable him to take a very high place among "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," will not enable a common day-labourer to teach himself everything from the alphabet upwards, and raise himself from the plough-tail to the Laureate-ship. Secondly, because, almost invariably, the organisation, mental and physical, which accompanies the poetic faculty is the one least fitted for that incessant battle with the world, for which a man must arm himself who aims to rise therein. Therefore it is, that while our noble Stephensons, and the like,—men who live poems instead of singing them,—move grandly on through the brave career, which may begin in a hut and end in Westminster Abbey,—these, who may be called our "hedge-side poets," never rise out of the station in which they were born. Unless some Capel Loft or Savage Landor should catch them and exhibit them, they probably flutter on through life, singing their harmless songs to themselves, or to a very small audience; far happier in many things, than if they had been set up to plume and strut their little day in the gilded cage of popularity.

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Yet, hear them in their native meadows, expecting from them neither epic hymns, nor operatic *floriture*; and we are often charmed and amazed to find how exquisitely they sing: with a note as sweet and unexpected as a robin's warble out of a yellowing hedge, when leaves are falling, and flowers are few.

Such as this is more than one lyric, which we have discovered in two humble-looking volumes, printed by subscription, and probably hardly known beyond the subscribers' drawing-room tables, which purport to be "Poems" by a Cambridge-shire labouring man, James Reynolds Withers.

Let us take the first that offers, a "Song of the Butterfly":—

"I come from bowers of lilacs gay,
 "With honeysuckles blending;
 "And many a spray of willows gray,
 "Above the waters bending.
 "I flutter by the river side,
 "Where laves the swan his bosom;
 "And o'er the open common wide,
 "Where yellow ragworts blossom.
 "Away on downy pinions borne,
 "With many a happy rover,
 "I skim above the rustling corn,
 "And revel in the clover.

"I laugh to see the frugal bee,
 "For others hoard her treasure;
 "From morn till night a toiler she,
 "But mine's a life of pleasure.

* * * *

"The truant schoolboy loves to chase
 "Me through the winding mazes;
 "I lure him on a merry race,
 "O'er meadows white with daisies.
 "He creeps and crawls with cat-like tread,
 "When I'm on cowslip rocking;
 "Then up I flutter o'er his head,
 "His vain endeavours mocking.
 "And when the bee is in her cell,
 "And shrill-tongued cricket calling,
 "I sleep within the lily's bell,
 "Whilst nightly damps are falling.

"There round my clean white-sheeted bed,

"Are pearly dewdrops distilling;
 "And nightingales, above my head,
 "Their sweetest notes are trilling.

"I dance, I play, make love, and sleep,
 "This is my whole employment;
 "For men may smile or men may weep—
 "My life is all enjoyment."

Now to take a working-man from his inherited calling, and exalt him into a poet, is a difficult and dangerous thing. But when an English agricultural labourer, at seven shillings a week, writes such verses as these, those acquainted with the normal condition of the race, are naturally somewhat surprised. If a Wordsworth, descending from his height of gentlemanly scholarship to this sweet, simple chronicling of simple nature, fresh as a breezy June morning,—if a Wordsworth had done it, we should have set down this poem as "charming;" but when it comes from the brain of uneducated Hodge, to whom even decent English must have been a difficult acquirement, we are forced to reflect, "This man must have something in him: who and what is he?" Let him answer for himself. A letter of his, which has fallen under our notice, is so simple and touching an expression of the man, James Reynolds Withers, that it is a poem in itself. We feel we are not breaking confidence, nor infringing on the right of every author to be known only by his published writings, if he so chooses, in giving it here, entire and unaltered:—

"I was born in the year 1812, on the 24th of May, at Weston Colville, in Cambridgeshire—a village with about 400 inhabitants. My father was a shoemaker there, but had failed in business before I was born. I am the youngest of four children, and the only son, born almost out of due season, a sort of Benjamin to my parents, being a child of their old age. They could not afford to send me to school, so my mother taught me to read and write a little. At an early age, I was employed at picking stones, weeding corn,

"and scaring birds, and part of one
 "year I was a keeper of sheep, when I
 "was much alone, and from that time
 "I date the first awakening of a poetic
 "feeling. I had a book of old ballads,
 "and Watts's Divine Songs for children,
 "that I used to read a great deal, and
 "many I committed to memory. After
 "that, I began to like to be alone,
 "and preferred, when unemployed, strol-
 "ling in the woods, and rambling in
 "the meadows amongst the trees and
 "flowers, to joining in the games of my
 "playmates. My father had some
 "knowledge of a market gardener at
 "Fordham, and wishing to get me into
 "some way of getting my living, at
 "twelve years old I was put to this
 "man for three years. The first two
 "years I had only my board and lodg-
 "ing; for the last year I received thirty
 "shillings. I stayed my time, but I
 "learned but little—in fact, there was
 "nothing to learn but what any one
 "might do—plain digging, hoeing, and
 "weeding. After my time was out I
 "went to lodgings, and continued to
 "work for my old master at seven shil-
 "lings per week. When I was about
 "nineteen years old my second sister
 "married and was living at Cambridge,
 "and she hearing that an under-porter
 "was wanted at Magdalene College,
 "succeeded in getting the place for me,
 "but I did not stay more than five
 "months. I felt like a caged bird, and
 "sighed for the freedom of the fields
 "again. I returned to Fordham again,
 "to my old place and old wages, but I
 "could study nature in the day and
 "books in the evening, and write my
 "jingling verses without interruption;
 "but I was often in straitened circum-
 "stances in the winter; perhaps, for two
 "months I had nothing to do. At such
 "times I visited my mother; my father
 "was still living, but it was my mother
 "that I always clung to the most.
 "When I was about twenty-four years
 "old, my mother had a small sum of
 "money left her by her mother, who
 "died at the age of ninety-six, and
 "then it was that I thought I should
 "like to learn the shoemaking; and my

"mother, wishing always to benefit me
 "all she could, paid a small sum to the
 "successor of my father to instruct me
 "for one year, and in that year my
 "mother died, and I never learned the
 "trade. After two years' absence I re-
 "turned to Fordham again, and soon
 "married, and have got a livelihood by
 "mending shoes and sometimes work-
 "ing in the fields, always going to har-
 "vest work. It was while reaping for
 "R. D. Fyson, Esq., about six years
 "back, that I was so fortunate as to be
 "introduced to Mrs. Fyson, who first
 "brought my works before the public,
 "and has been my constant friend ever
 "since.

"I have had four children, three of
 "whom are living; the eldest a girl,
 "eighteen years, and two boys, one
 "seventeen, the other fourteen, years
 "old. The girl belongs to the 'stitch,
 "stitch, stitch' sisterhood; the boys I
 "am anxious to get out to something
 "where they may get a living. They
 "go out to work in the fields when they
 "can get work to do, but I should
 "rejoice in the hope of being able to
 "give them some trade.

"Yours truly,

"J. R. WITHERS."

A simple story; yet what a picture it
 gives of this poor man's life, outwardly
 not different from the lives of thousands
 of East-Anglian peasants; the only dif-
 ference was in *the man*, to whom na-
 ture gave a portion—great or small,
 time will show, for he is still not old—
 an undoubted portion of that strange
 gift called the poetic faculty. He there-
 fore sees things with other eyes, feels
 things in another way, than his fellows;
 has pleasures they know not, struggles
 and pains which they cannot compre-
 hend. Whether this has been good for
 him or ill, God knows; but it is the ne-
 cessary lot of all who have ever so small
 a share of the gift of genius,—God's
 gift, and therefore never to be under-
 valued or denied.

In going through these two volumes,
 with their occasional errors of rhyme
 and rhythm, their conventional phraseo-

logy, and common-placeness of subjects ; the author, like all uneducated rhymers, choosing themes and thinking thoughts which scores of poets have lighted on before him,—it is curious to see the *mens divinator* cropping out, as geologists would say, through the commonest stratum of style and ideas. Such as—

“ Away, away, through valleys fair
 “ Where flames the mustard bloomy,
 “ *As if the sun was shining there,*
 “ *When all around is gloomy.*”

Or this picture of the baby year, out of a series of many equally good, which form a poem, rough and careless in diction, but vivid and beautiful in imagery, entitled, “Reminiscences of the Year 1855.”

“ Wrapt in robes of snowy ermine,
 “ At first I saw thee slumbering lie,
 “ Calm, quiet, still, and beautiful :
 “ But soon thy chubby dimpled hands
 “ Were playing with the crocus cups,
 “ And ginging silver snowdrop bells.
 “ And now a toddling fair wee thing,
 “ Dressed in a frock of palest green,
 “ All sprigged with pinky hawthorn
 buds,
 “ And bordered with hepaticas,
 “ Thou lov’dst to tease old Father Frost,
 “ Pulling his grizly crispy beard,
 “ Shaking the powder from his locks,
 “ Spoiling with fingers moist and warm
 “ The pictures of his palsied hand.”

A tender, close, and minute observation of nature is the strongest peculiarity of Withers’s poetry. There is not much of the hot current of human emotion in it ; little sentiment, and no passion : a gentle, moralizing, thoughtful nature, an eminently religious mind, and a shy retiring temperament, characterise it ; as, we doubt not, they are the characteristics of the man himself ; for with small demonstration, there is yet no pretence or affectation in his verses : all he does is essentially real. Such poems as “The Fire of Sticks,” “The Old Well,” “The Old Lane,” indicate what a true “poet of the people” he might have become—nay might yet become,

had he the power to concentrate into careful study of the art of poetry—for it is an art, as well as a native faculty—his delicacy of fancy, accuracy of perception, and truth of delineation. A man who could do this—embalming in real poetry the rural life of England—the poor man’s life—with all its experiences and emotions—would do a thing which has never yet been done. The southern half of our island may boast its Clare and its Bloomfield—with one or two lesser singers—but it has never produced, perhaps never may produce, a Hogg or a Burns.

One may naturally ask, how is it that a man like Withers, with qualities, intellectual and moral, sufficient to raise him into a much higher and more congenial sphere, should, at forty-eight, remain still a common agricultural labourer ? Possibly the explanation of this fact he has himself unconsciously given us in a little poem, called “Soliditude the best Society.”

“ I was not formed to stem the tide,
 “ Or ride the stormy waves of strife ;
 “ My little bark can only glide
 “ Along the shallow streams of life.
 “ Whilst bolder spirits fearless roam,
 “ And ocean’s wildest tracks explore,
 “ I linger like a drone at home,
 “ And play with pebbles on the shore.
 “ Whilst some are proudly gaining
 “ A name for valiant deeds,
 “ Here lonely I only
 “ Gather shells and weeds.
 “ I know ’tis called a weakness
 “ ’Gainst which I ought to strive ;
 “ And if I had less meekness,
 “ Perhaps should better thrive.
 “ Why should I feel so shrinking,
 “ So timid and unwise,
 “ Whilst many men unthinking
 “ By boldness gain the prize ?
 “ I see them how they toil and scheme,
 “ And plan from day to day ;
 “ By grove and stream I muse and dream,
 “ Thus pass my time away.
 “ I would not be a senseless clod
 “ To only eat and sleep :
 “ Thou knowest me, my Father God,
 “ Though I can only creep.

"Towards thee still my heart doth tend
 "Though pressed with sorrow down ;
 "To thee, my everlasting Friend,
 "Are all its struggles known.
 "Let bold blind bigots wrangle,
 "And think they only see,
 "I care not, I fear not,
 "I dare to hope in Thee."

There is something deeply pathetic in all this ; and one can easily understand the "struggles" which a man so gentle and refined, must, in his position, have found never-ending. But Withers is no prater of his own personality ; even the incidents of his outward life are rarely more than hinted at : some lines "On the Death of my Child," being almost the only instance of what may be termed personal poetry. Except one, "Written from Newmarket Union to my Sister in Cambridge."

A poet in a workhouse ! Yes, it was so. In the year 1847, when, during very severe weather, he could get no work, rather than run into debt or subsist upon charity, this honest Englishman had the courage to ask the help which every Englishman, unable to find work or to do it, may claim, not so much as an alms, but a right—he dared to go with all his family, for a few months, into the union workhouse. And this little song he sung there, in its cheerful patience and self-respect, trusting that though temporarily a pauper, "a man's a man for a' that," deserves to be quoted here, for the everlasting shaming of all maudlin, egotistic, hypochondriac rhymsters, who think that genius warrants a man in being, not a man at all, but only a poet.

"Since I cannot, dear sister, with
 you hold communion,
 "I'll give you a sketch of our life in
 the Union.
 "But how to begin I don't know, I
 declare :
 "Let me see ; well, the first is our grand
 bill of fare.
 "We've skilful for breakfast ; at night
 bread and cheese,
 "And we eat it, and then go to bed if
 we please.

"Two days in the week we've puddings
 for dinner,
 "And two we have broth so like water,
 but thinner ;
 "Two, meat and potatoes, of this none
 to spare ;
 "One day bread and cheese—and this
 is our fare.

"And now then my clothes I will try
 to pourtray ;
 "They're made of coarse cloth, and the
 colour is grey ;
 "My jacket and waistcoat don't fit me
 at all ;
 "My shirt is too short, or else I am too
 tall ;
 "My shoes are not pairs, though of
 course I have two,
 "They are down at the heel, and my
 stockings are blue.

"But what shall I say of the things
 they call breeches ?
 "Why mine are so large they'd have
 fitted John Fitches.

"John Fitches, you'll say, well, pray
 who was he ?

"Why one of the fattest men I ever did
 see.

"To be well understood, dear, they
 ought to be seen ;

"Neither breeches nor trousers, but
 something between ;

"And though they're so large, you'll
 remember, I beg,

"That they're low in the waist and high
 on the leg.

"And no braces allowed me—oh
 dear, oh dear ;

"We are each other's glass, so I know
 I look queer.

"A sort of Scotch bonnet we wear on
 our heads ;

"And I sleep in a room where there are
 just fourteen beds ;

"Some are sleeping, some snoring, some
 talking, some playing,

"Some fighting, some swearing, but very
 few praying.

"Here are nine at a time who work
 on the mill :

"We take it by turns, so it never stands
 still :

"A half an hour each gang ; 'tis not
 very hard,

"And when we are off we can walk in the yard.

"We have nurseries here, where the children are crying ;

"And hospitals too for the sick and the dying.

"But I must not forget to record in my verse,

"All who die here are honoured to ride in a hearse.

"I sometimes look up to the bit of blue sky

"High over my head, with a tear in my eye,

"Surrounded by walls that are too high to climb,

"Confined as a felon without any crime ;

"Not a field, not a house, not a hedge can I see—

"Not a plant, not a flower, not a bush nor a tree,

"Except a geranium or two that appear

"At the governor's window, to smile even here."

A noticeable trait in Withers is his exceeding refinement of sentiment and expression. While far loftier versifiers seem to think it poetical to be coarse, and hold that gorgeous diction atones for any sensuousness, or even sensuality in idea ;—this man, whose life has been passed in the sphere where the grossness of human nature rarely attempts to disguise itself, never pens a verse which a good man, when grown an old man, might regret having once written, and blush to see one of his own growing-up daughters read.

"Tea-table Talk,"—a conversation between a Dock and a Nettle, in which these two vegetable scandal-mongers tear to pieces a number of floral repu-

tations ; "Retaliation," where the same thing is done by a certain quick-witted Mrs. Sparrow, perched on the—

"—green-budded thorn,
"Where the birds were assembled on Valentine's morn ;"—

and the "Toper's Lament," prove that Withers has a spice of humour in him ; though, on the whole, he has too much of the meditative, didactic tone, to be capable of the strong contrasts of fun and pathos which constitute the dramatic, or rather, the intensely *human* element, in poetry. In short, he is more of a dreamer or a moralizer than an emotionalist. But, as we said, he is still far from being an old man ; there may be much undeveloped power in him yet. A late MS. poem, not included in these volumes, is better than anything they contain.

As to the man himself—for the core of all a man writes and does, the root and indication of everything he may live to be, is his ego, his essential manhood,—let us quote what his minister, the clergyman of Fordham parish, has written of him :—

"Although Withers is in a very "humble position of life, his mind is "so well stored with valuable information on a variety of subjects, that "with the greatest delight I spend "much time in his company. I would "also add, that his character is irreproachable, and that he delights in "doing good."

Will no one, who also "delights in doing good," try if a little good cannot be done in some way, by raising into a position more suitable for him our poor hedge-side poet, James Reynolds Withers ?

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHANGE IN THE CREW, AND WHAT
CAME OF IT.

It was on a Saturday that the St. Ambrose boat made the first bump, described in our last chapter. On the next Saturday, the day-week after the first success, at nine o'clock in the evening, our hero was at the door of Hardy's rooms. He just stopped for one moment outside, with his hand on the lock, looking a little puzzled, but withal pleased, and then opened the door and entered. The little estrangement which there had been between them for some weeks, had passed away since the races had begun. Hardy had thrown himself into the spirit of them so thoroughly, that he had not only regained all his hold on Tom, but had warmed up the whole crew in his favour, and had mollified the martinet Miller himself. It was he who had managed the starting rope in every race, and his voice from the towing path had come to be looked upon as a safe guide for clapping on or rowing steady. Even Miller, autocrat as he was, had come to listen for it, in confirmation of his own judgment, before calling on the crew for the final effort.

So Tom had recovered his old footing in the servitor's rooms; and, when he entered on the night in question, did so with the bearing of an intimate friend. Hardy's tea commons were on one end of the table as usual, and he was sitting at the other poring over a book. Tom marched straight up to him, and leant over his shoulder.

"What, here you are at the perpetual grind," he said. "Come, shut up, and give me some tea; I want to talk to you."

Hardy looked up with a grim smile.

"Are you up to a cup of tea?" he said; "look here, I was just reminded of you fellows. Shall I construe for you?"

He pointed with his finger to the open page of the book he was reading. It was the Knights of Aristophanes, and Tom, leaning over his shoulder, read,—

κῆρα καθίζου μαλακῶς ἵνα μὴ τρίβῃς τὴν ἐν
Σαλαμῖνι, &c.

After meditating a moment, he burst out, "You hard-hearted old ruffian! I come here for sympathy, and the first thing you do is to poke fun at me out of your wretched classics! I've a good mind to clear out, and not do my errand."

"What's a man to do?" said Hardy. "I hold that it's always better to laugh at fortune. What's the use of repining? You have done famously, and second is a capital place on the river."

"Second be hanged!" said Tom. "We mean to be first."

"Well, I hope we may!" said Hardy. "I can tell you nobody felt it more than I—not even old Diogenes—when you didn't make your bump to-night."

"Now you talk like a man, and a Saint Ambrosian," said Tom. "But what do you think? Shall we ever catch them?" and, so saying, he retired to a chair opposite the tea-things.

"No," said Hardy; "I don't think we ever shall. I'm very sorry to say it, but they are an uncommonly strong lot, and we have a weak place or two in our crew. I don't think we can do more than we did to-night—at least with the present crew."

"But if we could get a little more strength we might?"

"Yes, I think so. Jervis's stroke is worth two of theirs. A very little more powder would do it."

"Then we must have a little more powder."

"Ay, but how are we to get it? Who can you put in?"

"You!" said Tom, sitting up. "There, now, that's just what I am come about. Drysdale is to go out. Will you pull next race? They all want you to row."

"Do they?" said Hardy, quietly (but Tom could see that his eyes sparkled at the notion, though he was too proud to show how much he was pleased); "then they had better come and ask me themselves."

"Well, you cantankerous old party, they're coming, I can tell you!" said Tom, in great delight. "The Captain just sent me on to break ground, and will be here directly himself. I say now, Hardy," he went on, "don't you say no. I've set my heart upon it. I'm sure we shall bump them if you pull."

"I don't know that," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to make tea, to conceal the excitement he was in at the idea of rowing; "you see I'm not in training."

"Gammon," said Tom, "you're always in training, and you know it."

"Well," said Hardy, "I can't be in worse than Drysdale. He has been of no use above the Gut this last three nights."

"That's just what Miller says," said Tom, "and here comes the Captain." There was a knock at the door while he spoke, and Jervis and Miller entered.

Tom was in a dreadful fidget for the next twenty minutes, and may best be compared to an enthusiastic envoy negotiating a commercial treaty, and suddenly finding his action impeded by the arrival of his principals. Miller was very civil, but not pressing; he seemed to have come more with a view of talking over the present state of things, and consulting upon them, than of enlisting a recruit. Hardy met him more than half-way, and speculated on all sorts of possible issues, without a hint of volunteering himself. But presently Jervis, who did not understand finessing, broke in, and asked Hardy, point blank, to pull in the next race; and when he pleaded want of training, overruled him at once by saying that there was no better training than sculling. So in half an hour all was settled. Hardy was to pull five in the next race, Diogenes was to take Blake's place at No. 7, and Blake to take Drysdale's oar at No. 2. The whole crew were to go for a long training walk the next day,

Sunday, in the afternoon; to go down to Abingdon on Monday, just to get into swing in their new places, and then on Tuesday to abide the fate of war. They had half an hour's pleasant talk over Hardy's tea, and then separated.

"I always told you he was our man," said the Captain to Miller, as they walked together to the gates; "we want strength, and he is as strong as a horse. You must have seen him sculling yourself. There isn't his match on the river to my mind."

"Yes, I think he'll do," replied Miller; "at any rate he can't be worse than Drysdale."

As for Tom and Hardy, it may safely be said that no two men in Oxford went to bed in better spirits that Saturday night than they two.

And now to explain how it came about that Hardy was wanted. Fortune had smiled upon the St. Ambrosians in the two races which succeeded the one in which they had bumped Exeter. They had risen two more places without any very great trouble. Of course, the constituencies on the bank magnified their powers and doings. There never was such a crew, they were quite safe to be head of the river, nothing could live against their pace. So the young oars in the boat swallowed all they heard, thought themselves the finest fellows going, took less and less pains to keep up their condition, and when they got out of ear-shot of Jervis and Diogenes, were ready to bet two to one that they would bump Oriel the next night, and keep easily head of the river for the rest of the races.

Saturday night came, and brought with it a most useful though unpalatable lesson to the St. Ambrosians. The Oriel boat was manned chiefly by old oars, seasoned in many a race, and not liable to panic when hard pressed. They had a fair though not a first-rate stroke, and a good coxswain; experts remarked that they were rather too heavy for their boat, and that she dipped a little when they put on anything like a severe spurt; but on the whole they were by no means the sort of crew you

could just run into hand over hand. So Miller and Diogenes preached, and so the Ambrosians found out to their cost.

They had the pace of the other boat, and gained as usual a boat's length before the Gut; but, first those two fatal corners were passed, and then other well-remembered spots where former bumps had been made, and still Miller made no sign; on the contrary, he looked gloomy and savage. The St. Ambrosian shouts from the shore too changed from the usual exultant peals into something like a quaver of consternation, while the air was rent with the name and laudations of "little Oriel."

Long before the Cherwell Drysdale was completely baked, (he had played truant the day before and dined at the Weirs, where he had imbibed much dubious hock), but he from old habit managed to keep time. Tom and the other young oars got flurried, and quickened; the boat dragged, there was no life left in her, and, though they managed just to hold their first advantage, could not put her a foot nearer the stern of the Oriel boat, which glided past the winning-post a clear boat's length ahead of her pursuers, and with a crew much less distressed.

Such races must tell on strokes; and even Jervis, who had pulled magnificently throughout, was very much done at the close, and leant over his oar with a swimming in his head, and an approach to faintness, and was scarcely able to see for a minute or so. Miller's indignation knew no bounds, but he bottled it up till he had manœuvred the crew into their dressing-room by themselves, Jervis having stopped below. Then he let out, and did not spare them. "They would kill their captain, whose little finger was worth the whole of them; they were disgracing the college; three or four of them had neither heart, head, nor pluck." They all felt that this was unjust, for after all had they not brought the boat up to the second place? Poor Diogenes sat in a corner and groaned; he forgot to prefix "old fellow" to the few observations he made. Blake had great difficulty in adjusting

his necktie before the glass; he merely remarked in a pause of the objurgation, "In faith, coxswain, these be very bitter words." Tom and most of the others were too much out of heart to resist; but at last Drysdale fired up—

"You've no right to be so savage that I can see," he said, stopping the low whistle suddenly in which he was indulging, as he sat on the corner of the table; "you seem to think No. 2 the weakest out of several weak places in the boat."

"Yes, I do," said Miller.

"Then this honourable member," said Drysdale, getting off the table, "seeing that his humble efforts are unappreciated, thinks it best for the public service to place his resignation in the hands of your coxswainship."

"Which my coxswainship is graciously pleased to accept," replied Miller.

"Hurrah for a roomy punt and a soft cushion next racing night—it's almost worth while to have been rowing all this time, to realize the sensations I shall feel when I see you fellows passing the Cherwell on Tuesday."

"*Suave est*, it's what I'm partial to, *mari magno*, in the last reach, *a terra*, from the towing-path, *alterius magnum spectare laborem*, to witness the tortures of you wretched beggars in the boat. I'm obliged to translate for Drysdale, who never learned Latin," said Blake, finishing his tie, and turning to the company. There was an awkward silence. Miller was chafing inwardly and running over in his mind what was to be done; and nobody else seemed quite to know what ought to happen next, when the door opened and Jervis came in.

"Congratulate me, my captain," said Drysdale; "I'm well out of it at last."

Jervis "pished and pshaw'd" a little at hearing what had happened, but his presence acted like oil on the waters. The moment that the resignation was named, Tom's thoughts had turned to Hardy. Now was the time—he had such confidence in the man, that the idea of getting him in for next race entirely changed the aspect of affairs to him, and made him feel as "bumptious"

again as he had done in the morning. So with this idea in his head, he hung about till the Captain had made his toilet, and joined himself to him and Miller as they walked up.

"Well, what are we to do now?" said the Captain.

"That's just what you have to settle," said Miller; "you have been up all the term, and know the men's pulling better than I."

"I suppose we must press somebody from the torpid—let me see, there's Burton."

"He rolls like a porpoise," interrupted Miller positively; "impossible."

"Stewart might do then."

"Never kept time for three strokes in his life," said Miller.

"Well, there are no better men," said the Captain.

"Then we may lay our account to stopping where we are, if we don't even lose a place," said Miller.

"Dust unto dust, what must be, must; If you can't get crumb, you'd best eat crust,"

said the Captain.

"It's all very well talking coolly now," said Miller, "but you'll kill yourself trying to bump, and there are three more nights."

"Hardy would row if you asked him, I'm sure," said Tom.

The Captain looked at Miller, who shook his head. "I don't think it," he said; "I take him to be a shy bird that won't come to everybody's whistle. We might have had him two years ago I believe—I wish we had."

"I always told you so," said Jervis; "at any rate let's try him. He can but say no, and I don't think he will, for you see he has been at the starting-place every night, and as keen as a freshman all the time."

"I'm sure he won't," said Tom; "I know he would give anything to pull."

"You had better go to his rooms and sound him," said the Captain; "Miller and I will follow in half an hour." We have already heard how Tom's mission prospered.

The next day, at a few minutes before

two o'clock, the St. Ambrose crew, including Hardy, with Miller (who was a desperate and indefatigable pedestrian) for leader, crossed Magdalen Bridge. At five they returned to college, having done a little over fifteen miles, fair heel and toe walking, in the interval. The afternoon had been very hot, and Miller chuckled to the Captain, "I don't think there will be much trash left in any of them after that. That fellow Hardy is as fine as a race-horse, and, did you see, he never turned a hair all the way."

The crew dispersed to their rooms, delighted with the performance now that it was over, and feeling that they were much the better for it, though they all declared it had been harder work than any race they had yet pulled. It would have done a trainer's heart good to have seen them, some twenty minutes afterwards, dropping into Hall (where they were allowed to dine on Sundays, on the joint), fresh from cold baths, and looking ruddy and clear, and hard enough for anything.

Again on Monday, not a chance was lost. The St. Ambrose boat started soon after one o'clock for Abingdon. They swung steadily down the whole way, and back again to Sandford without a single spurt; Miller generally standing in the stern, and preaching above all things steadiness and time. From Sandford up, they were accompanied by half a dozen men or so, who ran up the bank watching them. The struggle for the first place on the river was creating great excitement in the rowing world, and these were some of the most keen connoisseurs, who, having heard that St. Ambrose had changed a man, were on the look-out to satisfy themselves as to how it would work. The general opinion was veering round in favour of Oriel; changes so late in the races, and at such a critical moment, were looked upon as very damaging.

Foremost amongst the runners on the bank was a wiry dark man, with sanguine complexion, who went with a peculiar long, low stride, keeping his keen eye well on the boat. Just above Kennington

island, Jervis, noticing this particular spectator for the first time, called on the crew, and, quickening his stroke, took them up the reach at racing pace. As they lay in Ifley lock the dark man appeared above them, and exchanged a few words, and a good deal of dumb show, with the Captain and Miller, and then disappeared.

From Ifley up they went steadily again. On the whole Miller seemed to be in very good spirits in the dressing room; he thought the boat trimmed better, and went better than she had ever done before, and complimented Blake particularly for the ease with which he had changed sides. They all went up in high spirits, calling on their way at "The Choughs" for one glass of old ale round, which Miller was graciously pleased to allow. Tom never remembered till after they were out again that Hardy had never been there before, and felt embarrassed for a moment, but it soon passed off. A moderate dinner and early to bed finished the day, and Miller was justified in his parting remark to the Captain, "Well, if we don't win, we can comfort ourselves that we haven't dropped a stitch this last two days, at any rate."

Then the eventful day arose which Tom and many another man felt was to make or mar St. Ambrose. It was a glorious early summer day, without a cloud, scarcely a breath of air stirring. "We shall have a fair start at any rate," was the general feeling. We have already seen what a throat-drying, nervous business, the morning and afternoon of a race-day is, and must not go over the same ground more than we can help; so we will imagine the St. Ambrose boat down at the starting-place, lying close to the towing-path, just before the first gun.

There is a much greater crowd than usual opposite the two first boats. By this time most of the other boats have found their places, for there is not much chance of anything very exciting down below; so, besides the men of Oriel and St. Ambrose (who muster to-night of all sorts, the fastest of the fast and

slowest of the slow having been by this time shamed into something like enthusiasm), many of other colleges, whose boats have no chance of bumping or being bumped, flock to the point of attraction.

"Do you make out what the change is?" says a backer of Oriel to his friend in the like predicament.

"Yes, they've got a new No. 5, don't you see, and, by George, I don't like his looks," answered his friend; "awfully long and strong in the arm, and well ribbed up. A devilish awkward customer. I shall go and try to get a hedge."

"Pooh," says the other, "did you ever know one man win a race?"

"Ay, that I have," says his friend, and walks off towards the Oriel crowd to take five to four on Oriel in half sovereigns, if he can get it.

Now their dark friend of yesterday comes up at a trot, and pulls up close to the Captain, with whom he is evidently dear friends. He is worth looking at, being coxswain of the O. U. B., the best steerer, runner, and swimmer, in Oxford; amphibious himself, and sprung from an amphibious race. His own boat is in no danger, so he has left her to take care of herself. He is on the look-out for recruits for the University crew, and no recruiting sergeant has a sharper eye for the sort of stuff he requires.

"What's his name?" he says in a low tone to Jervis, giving a jerk with his head towards Hardy. "Where did you get him?"

"Hardy," answers the Captain in the same tone; "it's his first night in the boat."

"I know that," replies the coxswain; "I never saw him row before yesterday. He's the fellow who sculls in that brown skiff, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I think he'll do; keep your eye on him."

The coxswain nods as if he were pretty much of the same mind, and examines Hardy with the eye of a connoisseur, pretty much as the judge at an agricultural show looks at the prize bull. Hardy is tightening the

strap of his stretcher, and all-unconscious of the compliments which are being paid him. The great authority seems satisfied with his inspection, grins, rubs his hands, and trots off to the Oriel boat to make comparisons.

Just as the first gun is heard, Gray sidles nervously to the front of the crowd as if he were doing something very audacious, and draws Hardy's attention, exchanging sympathising nods with him, but saying nothing, for he knows not what to say, and then disappearing again in the crowd.

"Hallo, Drysdale, is that you?" says Blake, as they push off from the shore. "I thought you were going to take it easy in a punt."

"So I thought," said Drysdale, "but I couldn't keep away, and here I am. I shall run up; and mind, if I see you within ten feet, and cocksure to win, I'll give a view holloa. I'll be bound you shall hear it."

"May it come speedily," said Blake, and then settled himself in his seat.

"Eyes in the boat — mind now, steady all, watch the stroke and don't quicken."

These are Miller's last words; every faculty of himself and the crew being now devoted to getting a good start. This is no difficult matter, as the water is like glass, and the boat lies lightly on it, obeying the slightest dip of the oars of bow and two, who just feel the water twice or thrice in the last minute. Then, after a few moments of breathless hush on the bank, the last gun is fired and they are off.

The same scene of mad excitement ensues, only tenfold more intense, as almost the whole interest of the races is to-night concentrated on the two head boats and their fate. At every gate there is a jam, and the weaker vessels are shoved into the ditches, upset, and left unnoticed. The most active men, including the O. U. B. coxswain, shun the gates altogether, and take the big ditches in their stride, making for the long bridges, that they may get quietly over these and be safe for the best part of the race. They know that the critical

point of the struggle will be near the finish.

Both boats make a beautiful start, and again as before in the first dash the St. Ambrose pace tells, and they gain their boat's length before first winds fail; then they settle down for a long steady effort. Both crews are rowing comparatively steady, reserving themselves for the tug of war up above. Thus they pass the Gut, and so those two treacherous corners, the scene of countless bumps, into the wider water beyond, up under the willows.

Miller's face is decidedly hopeful; he shows no sign, indeed, but you can see that he is not the same man as he was at this place in the last race. He feels that to-day the boat is full of life, and that he can call on his crew with hopes of an answer. His well-trained eye also detects that, while both crews are at full stretch, his own, instead of losing, as it did on the last night, is now gaining inch by inch on Oriel. The gain is scarcely perceptible to him even; from the bank it is quite imperceptible; but there it is; he is surer and surer of it, as one after another the willows are left behind.

And now comes the pinch. The Oriel Captain is beginning to be conscious of the fact which has been dawning on Miller, but will not acknowledge it to himself, and as his coxswain turns the boat's head gently across the stream, and makes for the Berkshire side and the goal, now full in view, he smiles grimly as he quickens his stroke; he will shake off these light-heeled gentry yet, as he did before.

Miller sees the move in a moment, and signals his Captain, and the next stroke St. Ambrose has quickened also; and now there is no mistake about it, St. Ambrose is creeping up slowly but surely. The boat's length lessens to forty feet, thirty feet; surely and steadily lessens. But the race is not lost yet; thirty feet is a short space enough to look at on the water, but a good bit to pick up foot by foot in the last two hundred yards of a desperate struggle. They are over under the Berkshire side now,

and there stands up the winning-post, close ahead, all but won. The distance lessens and lessens still, but the Oriel crew stick steadily and gallantly to their work, and will fight every inch of distance to the last. The Orielites on the bank, who are rushing along sometimes in the water, sometimes out, hoarse, furious, madly alternating between hope and despair, have no reason to be ashamed of a man in the crew. Off the mouth of the Cherwell there is still twenty feet between them. Another minute, and it will be over one way or another. Every man in both crews is now doing his best, and no mistake; tell me which boat holds the most men who can do better than their best at a pinch, who will risk a broken blood-vessel, and I will tell you how it will end. "Hard pounding, gentlemen, let's see who will pound longest," the Duke is reported to have said at Waterloo, and won. "Now, Tummy, lad, 'tis thou or I," Big Ben said as he came up to the last round of his hardest fight, and won. Is there a man of that temper in either crew to-night? If so, now's his time. For both coxswains have called on their men for the last effort; Miller is whirling the tassel of his right-hand tiller rope round his head, like a wiry little lunatic; from the towing path, from Christchurch Meadow, from the rows of punts, from the clustered tops of the barges, comes a roar of encouragement and applause, and the band, unable to resist the impulse, breaks with a crash into the "Jolly Young Waterman," playing two bars to the second. A bump in the Gut is nothing—a few partisans on the towing-path to cheer you, already out of breath; but up here at the very finish, with all Oxford looking on, when the prize is the headship of the river; once in a generation only do men get such a chance.

Who ever saw Jervis not up to his work? The St. Ambrose stroke is glorious. Tom had an atom of go still left in the very back of his head, and at this moment he heard Drysdale's view halloa above all the din; it seemed to give him

a lift, and other men besides in the boat, for in another six strokes the gap is lessened and St. Ambrose has crept up to ten feet, and now to five from the stern of Oriel. Weeks afterwards Hardy confided to Tom that when he heard that view halloa he seemed to feel the muscles of his arms and legs turn into steel, and did more work in the last twenty strokes than in any other forty in the earlier part of the race.

Another fifty yards and Oriel is safe, but the look on the Captain's face is so ominous that their coxswain glances over his shoulder. The bow of St. Ambrose is within two feet of their rudder. It is a moment for desperate expedients. He pulls his left tiller rope suddenly, thereby carrying the stern of his own boat out of the line of the St. Ambrose, and calls on his crew once more; they respond gallantly yet, but the rudder is against them for a moment, and the boat drags. St. Ambrose overlaps. "A bump, a bump," shout the St. Ambrosians on shore. "Row on, row on," screams Miller. He has not yet felt the electric shock, and knows he will miss his bump if the young ones slacken for a moment. A young coxswain would have gone on making shots at the stern of the Oriel boat, and so have lost.

A bump now and no mistake; the bow of the St. Ambrose boat jams the oar of the Oriel stroke, and the two boats pass the winning-post with the way that was on them when the bump was made. So near a shave was it.

To describe the scene on the bank is beyond me. It was a hurly-burly of delirious joy, in the midst of which took place a terrific combat between Jack and the Oriel dog—a noble black bull terrier belonging to the college in general, and no one in particular—who always attended the races and felt the misfortune keenly. Luckily they were parted without worse things happening; for though the Oriel men were savage, and not disinclined for a jostle, the milk of human kindness was too strong for the moment in their adversaries, and they extricated themselves from the crowd, carrying off Crib their dog,

and looking straight before them into vacancy.

"Well rowed, boys," says Jervis, turning round to his crew as they lay panting on their oars.

"Well rowed, five," says Miller, who even in the hour of such a triumph is not inclined to be general in laudation.

"Well rowed, five," is echoed from the bank; it is that cunning man, the recruiting-sergeant. "*Fatally* well rowed," he adds to a comrade, with whom he gets into one of the punts to cross to Christ-church Meadow; } "we must have him in the University crew."

"I don't think you'll get him to row, from what I hear," answers the other.

"Then he must be handcuffed and carried into the boat by force," says the coxswain O. U. B.; "why is not the press-gang an institution in this University?"

CHAPTER XV.

A STORM BREWS AND BREAKS.

CERTAINLY Drysdale's character came out well that night. He did not seem the least jealous of the success which had been achieved through his dismissal. On the contrary, there was no man in the college who showed more interest in the race, or joy at the result, than he. Perhaps the pleasure of being out of it himself may have reckoned for something with him. In any case, there he was at the door with Jack, to meet the crew as they landed after the race, with a large pewter foaming with shandygaff, in each hand, for their recreation. Draco himself could not have forbidden them to drink at that moment; so, amidst shaking of hands and clappings on the back, the pewters travelled round from stroke to bow, and then the crew went off to their dressing-room, accompanied by Drysdale and others.

"Bravo! it was the finest race that has been seen on the river this six years; everybody says so. You fellows have deserved well of your country. I've sent up to college to have supper

in my rooms, and you must all come. Hang training! there are only two more nights, and you're safe to keep your place. What do you say, Captain? eh, Miller? Now be good-natured for once."

"Miller, what do you say?" said the Captain.

"Well, we don't get head of the river every night," said Miller. "I don't object if you'll all turn out and go to bed at eleven."

"That's all right," said Drysdale; "and now let's go to the old 'Choughs' and have a glass of ale while supper is getting ready. Eh, Brown?" and he hooked his arm into Tom's and led the way into the town.

"I'm so sorry you were not in it for the finish," said Tom, who was quite touched by his friend's good humour.

"Are you?" said Drysdale; "it's more than I am then, I can tell you. If you could have seen yourself under the willows, you wouldn't have thought yourself much of an object of envy. Jack and I were quite satisfied with our share of work and glory on the bank. Weren't we, old fellow?" at which salutation Jack reared himself on his hind legs and licked his master's hand.

"Well, you're a real good fellow for taking it as you do. I don't think I could have come near the river if I had been you."

"I take everything as it comes," said Drysdale. "The next race is on Derby day, and I couldn't have gone if I hadn't been turned out of the boat; that's a compensation, you see. Here we are. I wonder if Miss Patty has heard of the victory?"

They turned down the little passage-entrance of the "Choughs" as he spoke, followed by most of the crew, and by a tail of younger St. Ambrosians, their admirers, and the bar was crowded the next moment. Patty was there, of course, and her services were in great requisition; for though each of the crew only took a small glass of the old ale, they made as much fuss about it with the pretty barmaid as if they were drinking hogsheads. In fact, it had

become clearly the correct thing with the St. Ambrosians to make much of Patty; and, considering the circumstances, it was only a wonder that she was not more spoilt than seemed to be the case. Indeed, as Hardy stood up in the corner opposite to the landlady's chair, a silent on-looker at the scene, he couldn't help admitting to himself that the girl held her own well, without doing or saying anything unbecoming a modest woman. And it was a hard thing for him to be fair to her, for what he saw now in a few minutes confirmed the impression which his former visit had left on his mind—that his friend was safe in her toils; how deeply, of course he could not judge, but that there was more between them than he could approve was now clear enough to him, and he stood silent, leaning against the wall in that farthest corner, in the shadow of a projecting cupboard, much distressed in mind, and pondering over what it behoved him to do under the circumstances. With the exception of a civil sentence or two to the old landlady, who sat opposite him knitting, and casting rather uneasy looks from time to time towards the front of the bar, he spoke to no one. In fact, nobody came near that end of the room, and their existence seemed to have been forgotten by the rest.

Tom had been a little uncomfortable for the first minute; but after seeing Hardy take his glass of ale, and then missing him, he forgot all about him, and was too busy with his own affairs to trouble himself further. He had become a sort of drawer or barman at the "Choughs," and presided, under Patty, over the distribution of the ale, giving an eye to his chief to see that she was not put upon.

Drysdale and Jack left after a short stay, to see that the supper was being properly prepared. Soon afterwards Patty went off out of the bar in answer to some bell which called her to another part of the house; and the St. Ambrosians voted that it was time to go off to college to supper, and cleared out into the street.

Tom went out with the last batch of them, but lingered a moment in the passage outside. He knew the house and its ways well enough by this time. The next moment Patty appeared from a side door, which led to another part of the house.

"So you're not going to stay to play a game with Aunt," she said; "what makes you in such a hurry?"

"I must go up to college; there's a supper to celebrate our getting head of the river." Patty looked down and pouted a little. Tom took her hand, and said sentimentally, "Don't be cross now; you know that I would sooner stay here, don't you?"

She tossed her head, and pulled away her hand, and then changing the subject, said,—

"Who's that ugly old fellow who was here again to-night?"

"There was no one older than Miller, and he is rather an admirer of yours. I shall tell him you called him ugly."

"Oh, I don't mean Mr. Miller; you know that well enough," she answered. "I mean him in the old rough coat, who don't talk to any one."

"Ugly old fellow, Patty? Why you mean Hardy. He's a great friend of mine, and you must like him for my sake."

"I'm sure I won't. I don't like him a bit; he looks so cross at me."

"It's all your fancy. There now, good-night."

"You shan't go, however, till you've given me that handkerchief. You promised it me if you got head of the river."

"Oh! you little story-teller. Why they are my college colours. I wouldn't part with them for worlds. I'll give you a lock of my hair, and the prettiest handkerchief you can find in Oxford; but not this."

"But I *will* have it, and you *did* promise me it," she said, and put up her hands suddenly, and untied the bow of Tom's neck-handkerchief. He caught her wrists in his hands, and looked down into her eyes, in which, if he saw

a little pique at his going, he saw other things which stirred in him strange feelings of triumph and tenderness.

"Well, then, you shall pay for it, any how," he said.—Why need I tell what followed?—There was a little struggle; a "Go along, do, Mr. Brown;" and the next minute Tom, minus his handkerchief, was hurrying after his companions; and Patty was watching him from the door, and setting her cap to rights. Then she turned and went back into the bar; and started, and turned red, as she saw Hardy there, still standing in the further corner, opposite her aunt. He finished his glass of ale as she came in, and then passed out, wishing them "Good-night."

"Why, aunt," she said, "I thought they were all gone. Who was that sour-looking man?"

"He seems a nice quiet gentleman, my dear," said the old lady looking up. "I'm sure he's much better than those ones as makes so much racket in the bar. But where have you been, Patty?"

"Oh, to the commercial room, aunt. Won't you have a game at cribbage?" and Patty took up the cards and set the board out, the old lady looking at her doubtfully all the time through her spectacles. She was beginning to wish that the college gentlemen wouldn't come so much to the house, though they were very good customers.

Tom, minus his handkerchief, hurried after his comrades, and caught them up before they got to college. They were all there but Hardy, whose absence vexed our hero for a moment; he had hoped that Hardy, now that he was in the boat, would have shaken off all his reserve towards the other men, and blamed him because he had not done so at once. There could be no reason for it but his own oddness, he thought, for every one was full of his praises as they strolled on talking of the race. Miller praised his style, and time, and pluck. "Didn't you feel how the boat sprang when I called on you at the Cherwell?" he said to the Captain. "Drysedale was always dead beat at the

Gut, and just a log in the boat, pretty much like some of the rest of you."

"He's in such good training, too," said Diogenes; "I shall find out how he diets himself."

"We've pretty well done with that, I should hope," said Number 6. "There are only two more nights, and nothing can touch us now."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Miller. "Mind now, all of you, don't let us have any nonsense till the races are over and we are all safe."

And so they talked on till they reached college, and then dispersed to their rooms to wash and dress, and met again in Drysdale's rooms, where supper was awaiting them.

Again Hardy did not appear. Drysdale sent a scout to his rooms, who brought back word that he could not find him; so Drysdale set to work to do the honours of his table, and enjoyed the pleasure of tempting the crew with all sorts of forbidden hot liquors, which he and the rest of the non-professionals imbibed freely. But with Miller's eye on them, and the example of Diogenes and the Captain before them, the rest of the crew exercised an abstemiousness which would have been admirable, had it not been in a great measure compulsory.

It was a great success, this supper at Drysdale's, although knocked up at an hour's notice. The triumph of their boat had, for the time, the effect of warming up and drawing out the feeling of fellowship, which is the soul of college life. Though only a few men besides the crew sat down to supper, long before it was cleared away men of every set in the college came in in the highest spirits, and soon the room was crowded. For Drysdale sent round to every man in the college with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, and they flocked in and sat where they could, and men talked and laughed with neighbours, with whom, perhaps, they had never exchanged a word since the time when they were freshmen together.

Of course there were speeches cheered to the echo, and songs, of which the

choruses might have been heard in the High Street. At a little before eleven, nevertheless, despite the protestations of Drysdale, and the passive resistance of several of their number, Miller carried off the crew, and many of the other guests went at the same time, leaving their host and a small circle to make a night of it.

Tom went to his rooms in high spirits, humming the air of one of the songs he had just heard; but he had scarcely thrown his gown on a chair when a thought struck him, and he ran down stairs again and across to Hardy's rooms.

Hardy was sitting with some cold tea poured out, but untasted, before him, and no books open—a very unusual thing with him at night. But Tom either did not or would not notice that there was anything unusual.

He seated himself and began gossiping away as fast as he could, without looking much at the other. He began by recounting all the complimentary things which had been said by Miller and others of Hardy's pulling. Then he went on to the supper party; what a jolly evening they had had; he did not remember anything so pleasant since he had been up, and he retailed the speeches and named the best songs. "You really ought to have been there, why didn't you come? Drysdale sent over for you. I'm sure every one wished you had been there. Didn't you get his message?"

"I didn't feel up to going," said Hardy.

"There's nothing the matter, eh?" said Tom, as the thought crossed his mind that perhaps Hardy had hurt himself in the race, as he had not been regularly training.

"No, nothing," answered the other.

Tom tried to make play again, but soon came to an end of his talk. It was impossible to make head against that cold silence. At last he stopped, looked at Hardy for a minute, who was staring abstractedly at the sword over his mantle-piece, and then said,—

"There is something the matter, though. Don't sit glowering as if you had swallowed a furze bush. Why,

No. 6.

you haven't been smoking, old boy?" he added, getting up and putting his hand on the other's shoulder. "I see that's it. Here, take one of my weeds, they're mild. Miller allows two of these a day."

"No, thank'ee," said Hardy, rousing himself; "Miller hasn't interfered with my smoking, and I will have a pipe, for I think I want it."

"Well, I don't see that it does you any good," said Tom, after watching him fill, and light, and smoke for some minutes without saying a word. "Here, I've managed the one thing I had at heart. You are in the crew, and we are head of the river, and every body is praising your rowing up to the skies, and saying that the bump was all your doing. And here I come to tell you, and not a word can I get out of you. Ain't you pleased? Do you think we shall keep our place?" He paused a moment.

"Hang it all, I say," he added, losing all patience; "swear a little if you can't do anything else. Let's hear your voice; it isn't such a tender one that you need keep it all shut up."

"Well," said Hardy, making a great effort; "the real fact is I have something, and something very serious, to say to you."

"Then I'm not going to listen to it," broke in Tom; "I'm not serious, and I won't be serious, and no one shall make me serious to-night. It's no use, so don't look glum. But isn't the ale at 'The Choughs' good; and isn't it a dear little place?"

"It's that place I want to talk to you about," said Hardy, turning to him at last with a deep fetching of his breath. "Now, Brown, we haven't known one another long, but I think I understand you, and I know I like you, and I hope you like me."

"Well, well, well," broke in Tom, "of course I like you, old fellow, or else I shouldn't come poking after you, and wasting so much of your time, and sitting on your cursed hard chairs in the middle of the races. What has liking to do with 'The Choughs,' or 'The Choughs'?"

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with long faces? You ought to have had another glass of ale there."

"I wish you had never had a glass of ale there," said Hardy, bolting out his words as if they were red hot. "Brown, you have no right to go to that place."

"Why?" said Tom, sitting up in his chair, and beginning to be nettled.

"You know why," said Hardy, looking him full in the face, and puffing out huge volumes of smoke. In spite of the bluntness of the attack, there was a yearning look which spread over the rugged brow, and shone out of the deep set eyes of the speaker, which almost conquered Tom. But first pride, and then the consciousness of what was coming next, which began to dawn on him, rose in his heart. It was all he could do to meet that look full, but he managed it, though he flushed to the roots of his hair, as he simply repeated through his set teeth, "Why?"

"I say again," said Hardy, "you know why."

"I see what you mean," said Tom slowly; "as you say, we have not known one another long; long enough though, I should have thought, for you to have been more charitable. Why am I not to go to 'The Choughs,' because there happens to be a pretty bar-maid there? All our crew go, and twenty other men besides."

"Yes; but do any of them go in the sort of way you do? Does she look at any one of them as she does at you?"

"How do I know?"

"That's not fair, or true, or like you, Brown," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "You *do* know that that girl doesn't care a straw for the other men who go there. You *do* know that she is beginning to care for you."

"You seem to know a great deal about it," said Tom; "I don't believe you were ever there before two days ago."

"No, I never was."

"Then I think you needn't be quite so quick at finding fault. If there were anything I didn't wish you to see, do

you think I should have taken you there? I tell you she is quite able to take care of herself."

"So I believe," said Hardy; "if she were a mere giddy, light girl, setting her cap at every man who came in, it wouldn't matter so much—for her at any rate. She can take care of herself well enough so far as the rest are concerned, but you know it isn't so with you. You know it now, Brown; tell the truth; any one with half an eye can see it."

"You seem to have made pretty good use of your eyes in these two nights, anyhow," said Tom.

"I don't mind your sneers, Brown," said Hardy, as he tramped up and down with his arms locked behind him; "I have taken on myself to speak to you about this; I should be no true friend if I shirked it. I'm four years older than you, and have seen more of the world and of this place than you. You shan't go on with this folly, this sin, for want of warning."

"So it seems," said Tom doggedly. "Now I think I've had warning enough; suppose we drop the subject."

Hardy stopped in his walk, and turned on Tom with a look of anger. "Not yet," he said firmly; "you know best how and why you have done it, but you know that somehow or other you have made that girl like you."

"Suppose I have, what then; whose business is that but mine and hers?"

"It's the business of every one who won't stand by and see the devil's game played under his nose if he can hinder it."

"What right have you to talk about the devil's game to me?" said Tom. "I'll tell you what, if you and I are to keep friends, we had better drop this subject."

"If we are to keep friends we must go to the bottom of it. There are only two endings to this sort of business, and you know it as well as I."

"A right and a wrong one, eh? and because you call me your friend you assume that my end will be the wrong one."

"I do call you my friend, and I say the end must be the wrong one here. There's no right end. Think of your family. You don't mean to say—you dare not tell me, that you will marry her."

"I dare not tell you!" said Tom, starting up in his turn; "I dare tell you or any man anything I please. But I won't tell you or any man anything on compulsion."

"I repeat," went on Hardy, "you dare not say you mean to marry her. You don't mean it—and, as you don't, to kiss her as you did to-night,"—

"So you were sneaking behind to watch me," burst out Tom, chafing with rage, and glad to find any handle for a quarrel. The two men stood fronting one another, the younger writhing with the sense of shame and outraged pride, and longing for a fierce answer, a blow, anything to give vent to the furies which were tearing him.

But at the end of a few seconds the elder answered, calmly and slowly,—

"I will not take those words from any man; you had better leave my rooms."

"If I do, I shall not come back till you have altered your opinions."

"You need not come back till you have altered yours."

The next moment Tom was in the passage; the next, striding up and down the side of the inner quadrangle in the pale moonlight.

Poor fellow! it was no pleasant walking ground for him. Is it worth our while to follow him up and down in his tramp? We have most of us walked the like marches, I suppose, at one time or another of our lives. The memory of them is by no means one which we can dwell on with pleasure. Times they were of blinding and driving storm, and howling winds, out of which voices as of evil spirits spoke close in our ears—tauntingly, temptingly, whispering to the mischievous wild beast which lurks in the bottom of all our hearts, now, "Rouse up! art thou a man and darest not do this thing?" now, "Rise, kill and eat—It is thine, wilt thou not take

it? shall the flimsy scruples of this teacher, or the sanctified cant of that, bar thy way, and baulk thee of thine own? Though hast strength to brave them—to brave all things in earth, or heaven, or hell; put out thy strength, and be a man!"

Then did not the wild beast within us shake itself, and feel its power, sweeping away all the "Thou shalt not's" which the law wrote up before us in letters of fire, with the "I will" of hardy, godless, self-assertion? And all the while—which alone made the storm really dreadful to us—was there not the still small voice—never to be altogether silenced, by the roarings of the tempest of passion, by the evil voices, by our own violent attempts to stifle it—the still small voice appealing to the man, the true man, within us, which is made in the image of God—calling on him to assert his dominion over the wild beast—to obey, and conquer, and live? Ay! and though we may have followed the other voices, have we not while following them confessed in our hearts, that all true strength, and nobleness, and manliness, was to be found in the other path? Do I say that most of us have had to tread this path, and fight this battle? Surely I might have said all of us; all at least who have passed the bright days of their boyhood. The clear and keen intellect no less than the dull and heavy; the weak, the cold, the nervous, no less than the strong and passionate of body. The arms and the field have been divers; can have been the same, I suppose, to no two men, but the battle must have been the same to all. One here and there may have had a foretaste of it as a boy; but it is the young man's battle and not the boy's, thank God for it! That most hateful and fearful of all realities, call it by what name we will—self, the natural man, the old Adam—must have risen up before each of us in early manhood, if not sooner, challenging the true man within us, to which the spirit of God is speaking, to a struggle for life or death.

Gird yourself, then, for the fight, my young brother, and take up the pledge

which was made for you when you were a helpless child. This world, and all others, time and eternity, for you hang upon the issue. This enemy must be met and vanquished—not finally, for no man while on earth, I suppose, can say that he is slain; but, when once known and recognised, met and vanquished he must be, by God's help, in this and that encounter, before you can be truly called a man; before you can really enjoy any one even of this world's good things.

The strife was no light one for our hero on the night in his life at which we have arrived. The quiet sky overhead, the quiet solemn old buildings, under the shadow of which he stood, brought him no peace. He fled from them into his own rooms; he lighted his candles and tried to read, and force the whole matter from his thoughts; but it was useless: back it came again and again. The more impatient of its presence he became, the less could he shake it off. Some decision he must make; what should it be? He could have no peace till it was taken. The veil had been drawn aside thoroughly, and once for all. Twice he was on the point of returning to Hardy's rooms to thank him, confess, and consult; but the tide rolled back again. As the truth of the warning sank deeper and deeper into him, his irritation against him who had uttered it grew also. He could not and would not be fair yet. It is no easy thing for any one of us to put the whole burden of any folly or sin on our own backs all at once. "If he had done it in any other way," thought Tom, "I might have thanked him."

Another effort to shake off the whole question. Down into the quadrangle again; lights in Drysdale's rooms. He goes up, and finds the remains of the supper, tankards full of egg-flip and cardinal, and a party playing at vingt-un. He drinks freely, careless of training or boat-racing, anxious only to drown thought. He sits down to play. The boisterous talk of some, the eager keen looks of others, jar on him equally. One minute he is absent, the next

boisterous, then irritable, then moody. A college card-party is no place to-night for him. He loses his money, is disgusted at last, and gets to his own rooms by midnight; goes to bed feverish, dissatisfied with himself, with all the world. The inexorable question pursues him even into the strange helpless land of dreams, demanding a decision, when he has no longer power of will to choose either good or evil.

But how fared it all this time with the physician? Alas! little better than with his patient. His was the deeper and more sensitive nature. Keenly conscious of his own position, he had always avoided any but the most formal intercourse with the men in his college whom he would have liked most to live with. This was the first friendship he had made amongst them, and he valued it accordingly; and now it seemed to lie at his feet in hopeless fragments, and cast down too by his own hand. Bitterly he blamed himself over and over again, as he recalled every word that had passed—not for having spoken—that he felt had been a sacred duty—but for the harshness and suddenness with which he had done it.

"One touch of gentleness or sympathy, and I might have won him. As it was, how could he have met me otherwise than he did—hard word for hard word, hasty answer for proud reproof? Can I go to him and recall it all? No; I can't trust myself; I shall only make matters worse. Besides, he may think that the servitor—Ah! am I there again? The old sore, self, self, self! I nurse my own pride; I value it more than my friend; and yet—no, no, I cannot go, though I think I could die for him. The sin, if sin there must be, be on my head. Would to God I could bear the sting of it! But there will be none—how can I fear? he is too true, too manly. Rough and brutal as my words have been, they have shown him the gulf. He will, he must escape it. But will he ever come back to me? I care not, so he escape."

How can my poor words follow the strong loving man in the wrestlings of

his spirit, till far on in the quiet night he laid the whole before the Lord and slept! Yes, my brother, even so, the old, old story; but start not at the phrase, though you may never have found its meaning.—He laid the whole before the Lord, in prayer, for his friend, for himself, for the whole world.

And you, too, if ever you are tried as he was—as every man must be in one way or another,—must learn to do the like with every burthen on your soul, if you would not have it hanging round you heavily, and ever more heavily, and dragging you down lower and lower till your dying day.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM RAGES.

HARDY was early in the chapel the next morning. It was his week for pricking in. Every man that entered—from the early men who strolled in quietly while the bell was still ringing, to the hurrying, half-dressed loiterers who crushed in as the porter was closing the doors, and disturbed the congregation in the middle of the confession,—gave him a turn (as the expressive phrase is), and every turn only ended in disappointment. He put by his list at last, when the doors were fairly shut, with a sigh. He had half expected to see Tom come into morning chapel with a face from which he might have gathered hope that his friend had taken the right path, and then he would have little care as to how he felt towards himself: *that* would all come right in time. But Tom did not come at all, and Hardy felt it was a bad sign.

They did not meet till the evening, at the river, when the boat went down for a steady pull, and then Hardy saw at once that all was going wrong. Neither spoke to or looked at the other. Hardy expected some one to remark it, but nobody did. After the pull they walked up, and Tom as usual led the way, as if nothing had happened, into "The Choughs." Hardy paused for a moment, and then went in too. For the first time he stayed till the rest of the crew

left. Tom deliberately stayed after them all. Hardy turned for a moment as he was leaving the bar, and saw him settling himself down in his chair with an air of defiance, meant evidently for him, which would have made most men angry. Hardy was irritated for a moment, and then was filled with ruth for the poor wrong-headed youngster who was heaping up coals of fire for his own head. In his momentary anger Hardy said to himself, "Well, I have done what I can; now he must go his own way;" but such a thought was soon kicked in disgrace from his noble and well-disciplined mind. He resolved, that, let it cost what it might in the shape of loss of time and trial of temper, he would leave no stone unturned, and spare no pains, to deliver his friend of yesterday from the slough into which he was plunging. How he might best work for this end occupied his thoughts as he walked towards college.

Tom sat on at "The Choughs," glorifying himself in the thought that now, at any rate, he had shown Hardy that he wasn't to be dragooned into doing or not doing anything. He had had a bad time of it all day, and his good angel had fought hard for victory; but self-will was too strong for the time. When he stayed behind the rest, it was more out of bravado than from any defined purpose of pursuing what he tried to persuade himself was an innocent flirtation. When he left the house some hours afterwards he was deeper in the toils than ever, and dark clouds were gathering over his heart. From that time he was an altered man, and altering as rapidly for the worse in body as in mind. Hardy saw the change in both, and groaned over it in secret. Miller's quick eye detected the bodily change. After the next race he drew Tom aside, and said,—

"Why, Brown, what's the matter? What have you been about? You're breaking down. Hold on, man; there's only one more night."

"Never fear," said Tom, proudly, "I shall last it out."

And in the last race he did his work

again, though it cost him more than all the preceding ones put together, and when he got out of the boat he could scarcely walk or see. He felt a fierce kind of joy in his own distress, and wished that there were more races to come. But Miller, as he walked up arm-in-arm with the Captain, took a different view of the subject.

"Well, it's all right, you see," said the Captain; "but we're not a boat's length better than Oriel over the course after all. How was it we bumped them? If anything, they drew a little on us to-night."

"Ay, half a boat's length, I should say," answered Miller. "I'm uncommonly glad it's over; Brown is going all to pieces; he wouldn't stand another race, and we haven't a man to put in his place."

"It's odd, too," said the Captain; "I put him down as a laster, and he has trained well. Perhaps he has overdone it a little. However, it don't matter now."

So the races were over; and that night a great supper was held in St. Ambrose Hall, to which were bidden, and came, the crews of all the boats from Exeter upwards. The Dean, with many misgivings and cautions, had allowed the hall to be used on pressure from Miller and Jervis. Miller was a bachelor and had taken a good degree, and Jervis bore a high character and was expected to do well in the schools. So the poor Dean gave in to them, extracting many promises in exchange for his permission: and flitted uneasily about all the evening in his cap and gown, instead of working on at his edition of the Fathers, which occupied every minute of his leisure, and was making an old man of him before his time.

From 8 to 11 the fine old pointed windows of St. Ambrose Hall blazed with light, and the choruses of songs, and the cheers which followed the short intervals of silence which the speeches made, rang out over the quadrangles, and made the poor Dean amble about in a state of nervous bewilder-

ment. Inside there was hearty feasting, such as had not been seen there, for aught I know, since the day when the king came back to "enjoy his own again." The one old cup, relic of the Middle Ages, which had survived the civil wars,—St. Ambrose's had been a right loyal college, and the plate had gone without a murmur into Charles the First's war-chest,—went round and round; and rival crews pledged one another out of it, and the massive tankards of a later day, in all good faith and good fellowship. Mailed knights, grave bishops, royal persons of either sex, and "other our benefactors," looked down on the scene from their heavy gilded frames, and, let us hope, not unkindly. All passed off well and quietly; the out-college men were gone, the lights were out, and the butler had locked the hall door by a quarter past 11, and the Dean returned in peace to his own rooms.

Had Tom been told a week before that he would not have enjoyed that night, that it would not have been amongst the happiest and proudest of his life, he would have set his informer down as a madman. As it was, he never once rose to the spirit of the feast, and wished it all over a dozen times. He deserved not to enjoy it; but not so Hardy, who was nevertheless almost as much out of tune as Tom; though the University coxswain had singled him out, named him in his speech, sat by him and talked to him for a quarter of an hour, and asked him to go to the Henley and Thames regattas in the Oxford crew.

The next evening, as usual, Tom found himself at "The Choughs" with half-a-dozen others. Patty was in the bar by herself, looking prettier than ever. One by one the rest of the men dropped off, the last saying, "Are you coming, Brown?" and being answered in the negative.

He sat still, watching Patty as she flitted about, washing up the ale glasses and putting them on their shelves, and getting out her work-basket; and then she came and sat down in her aunt's

chair opposite him, and began stitching away demurely at an apron she was making. Then he broke silence,—

"Where's your aunt to-night, Patty?"

"Oh, she has gone away for a few days for a visit to some friends."

"You and I will keep house, then, together; you shall teach me all the tricks of the trade. I shall make a famous barman, don't you think?"

"You must learn to behave better, then. But I promised aunt to shut up at nine; so you must go when it strikes. Now promise me you will go."

"Go at nine! what, in half an hour? the first evening I have ever had a chance of spending alone with you; do you think it likely?" and he looked into her eyes. She turned away with a slight shiver, and a deep blush.

His nervous system had been so unusually excited in the last few days, that he seemed to know everything that was passing in her mind. He took her hand. "Why, Patty, you're not afraid of me, surely?" he said, gently.

"No, not when you're like you are now. But you frightened me just this minute. I never saw you look so before. Has anything happened you?"

"No, nothing. Now, then, we're going to have a jolly evening, and play Darby and Joan together," he said, turning away, and going to the bar window; "shall I shut up, Patty?"

"No, it isn't nine yet; somebody may come in."

"That's just why I mean to put the shutters up; I don't want anybody."

"Yes, but I do, though. Now I declare, Mr. Brown, if you go on shutting up, I'll run into the kitchen and sit with Dick."

"Why will you call me Mr. Brown?"

"Why, what should I call you?"

"Tom, of course."

"Oh, I never! one would think you was my brother," said Patty, looking up with a pretty pertness which she had a most bewitching way of putting on. Tom's rejoinder, and the little squabble which they had afterwards about where her work-table should stand, and other such matters, may be passed over. At

last he was brought to reason, and to anchor opposite his enchantress, the work-table between them; and he sat leaning back in his chair, and watching her, as she stitched away without ever lifting her eyes. He was in no hurry to break the silence. The position was particularly fascinating to him, for he had scarcely ever yet had a good look at her before, without fear of attracting attention, or being interrupted. At last he roused himself.

"Any of our men been here to-day, Patty?" he said, sitting up.

"There now, I've won," she laughed; "I said to myself, I wouldn't speak first, and I haven't. What a time you were! I thought you would never begin."

"You're a little goose! Now I begin then; who've been here to-day?"

"Of your college? let me see;" and she looked away across to the bar window, pricking her needle into the table. "There was Mr. Drysdale and some others called for a glass of ale as they passed, going out driving. Then there was Mr. Smith and them from the boats about four; and that ugly one—I can't mind his name—"

"What, Hardy?"

"Yes, that's it; he was here about half-past six, and—"

"What, Hardy here after hall?" interrupted Tom, utterly astonished.

"Yes, after your dinner up at college. He's been here two or three times lately."

"The deuce he has."

"Yes, and he talks so pleasant to Aunt, too. I'm sure he is a very nice gentleman, after all. He sat and talked to-night for half-an-hour, I should think."

"What did he talk about?" said Tom, with a sneer.

"Oh, he asked me whether I had a mother, and where I came from, and all about my bringing up, and made me feel quite pleasant. He is so nice and quiet and respectful, not like most of you. I'm going to like him very much, as you told me."

"I don't tell you so now."

"But you did say he was your great friend."

"Well, he isn't that now."

"What, have you quarrelled?"

"Yes."

"Dear, dear; how odd you gentlemen are!"

"Why, it isn't a very odd thing for men to quarrel, is it?"

"No, not in the public room. They're always quarrelling there, over their drink and the bagatelle-board; and Dick has to turn them out. But gentlemen ought to know better."

"They don't, you see, Patty."

"But what did you quarrel about?"

"Guess."

"How can I guess? What was it about?"

"About you."

"About me!" she said, looking up from her work in wonder. "How could you quarrel about me?"

"Well, I'll tell you; he said I had no right to come here. You won't like him after that, will you, Patty?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Patty, going on with her work and looking troubled.

They sat still for some minutes. Evil thoughts crowded into Tom's head. He was in the humour for thinking evil thoughts, and, putting the worst construction on Hardy's visits, fancied he came there as his rival. He did not trust himself to speak till he had mastered his precious discovery, and put it away in the back of his heart, and weighted it down there with a good covering of hatred and revenge, to be brought out as occasion should serve. He was plunging down rapidly enough now; but he had new motives for making the most of his time, and never played his cards better, or made more progress. When a man sits down to such a game, the devil will take good care that he sha'n't want cunning or strength. It was ten o'clock instead of nine before he left, which he did with a feeling of triumph. Poor Patty remained behind, and shut up the bar, while Dick was locking the front door, her heart in a flutter, and her hands shak-

ing. She hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; she felt the change which had come over him, and was half fascinated and half repelled by it.

Tom walked quickly back to college, in a mood which I do not care to describe. The only one of his thoughts which my readers need be troubled with, put itself into some such words as these in his head:—"So, it's Abingdon fair next Thursday, and she has half-promised to go with me. I know I can make it certain. Who'll be going besides? Drysdale, I'll be bound. I'll go and see him."

On entering college, he went straight to Drysdale's rooms, and drank deeply, and played high into the short hours of the night, but found no opportunity of speaking.

Deeper and deeper yet for the next few days, downwards and ever faster downwards he plunged, the light getting fainter and ever fainter above his head. Little good can come of dwelling on those days. He left off pulling, shunned his old friends, and lived with the very worst men he knew in college, who were ready enough to let him share all their brutal orgies.

Drysdale, who was often present, wondered at the change, which he saw plainly enough. He was sorry for it in his way, but it was no business of his. He began to think that Brown was a good enough fellow before, but would make a devilish disagreeable one if he was going to turn fast man.

At "The Choughs" all went on as if the downward path knew how to make itself smooth. Now that the races were over, and so many other attractions going on in Oxford, very few men came in to interfere with him. He was scarcely ever away from Patty's side in the evenings while her aunt was absent, and gained more and more power over her. He might have had some compassion, but that he was spurred on by hearing how Hardy haunted the place now, at times when he could not be there. He felt that there was an influence struggling with his in the girl's mind; he laid it to Hardy's door, and

imputed it still, more and more, to motives as base as his own. But Abingdon fair was coming on Thursday. When he left "The Choughs" on Tuesday night, he had extracted a promise from Patty to accompany him there, and had arranged their place of meeting.

All that remained to be done was to see if Drysdale was going. Somehow he felt a disinclination to go alone with Patty. Drysdale was the only man of those he was now living with to whom he felt the least attraction. In a vague way he clung to him; and though he never faced the thought of what he was about fairly, yet it passed through his mind that even in Drysdale's company he would be safer than if alone. It was all pitiless, blind, wild work, without rudder or compass; the wish that nothing very bad might come out of it all, however, came up in spite of him now and again, and he looked to Drysdale, and longed to become even as he.

Drysdale was going. He was very reserved on the subject, but at last confessed that he was not going alone. Tom persisted. Drysdale was too lazy and careless to keep anything from a man who was bent on knowing it. In the end, it was arranged that he should drive Tom out the next afternoon. He did so. They stopped at a small public-house some two miles out of Oxford. The cart was put up, and after carefully scanning the neighbourhood they walked quickly to the door of a pretty retired cottage. As they entered, Drysdale said,

"By Jove, I thought I caught a glimpse of your friend Hardy at that turn."

"Friend! he's no friend of mine."

"But didn't you see him?"

"No."

They reached college again between ten and eleven, and parted, each to his own rooms.

To his surprise, Tom found a candle burning on his table. Round the candle was tied a piece of string, at the end of which hung a note. Whoever had put it there had clearly been anxious that he should in no case miss it when he came

in. He took it up and saw that it was in Hardy's hand. He paused, and trembled as he stood. Then with an effort he broke the seal and read—

"I must speak once more. To-morrow it may be too late. If you go to Abingdon fair with her in the company of Drysdale and his mistress, or 'I believe, in any company, you will return a scoundrel, and she—; in the name of the honour of your mother and sister, in the name of God, I warn you. May He help you through it."
—JOHN HARDY."

Here we will drop the curtain for the next hour. At the end of that time, Tom staggered out of his room, down the staircase, across the quadrangle, up Drysdale's staircase. He paused at the door to gather some strength, ran his hands through his hair, and arranged his coat; notwithstanding, when he entered, Drysdale started to his feet, upsetting Jack from his comfortable coil on the sofa.

"Why, Brown, you're ill; have some brandy," he said, and went to his cupboard for the bottle.

Tom leant his arm on the fireplace; his head on it. The other hand hung down by his side, and Jack licked it, and he loved the dog as he felt the caress. Then Drysdale came to his side with a glass of brandy, which he took and tossed off as though it had been water. "Thank you," he said, and as Drysdale went back with the bottle, reached a large arm-chair and sat himself down in it.

"Drysdale, I sha'n't go with you to Abingdon fair to-morrow."

"Hullo! what, has the lovely Patty thrown you over?" said Drysdale, turning from the cupboard, and resuming his lounge on the sofa.

"No:" he sank back into the chair, on the arms of which his elbows rested, and put his hands up before his face, pressing them against his burning temples. Drysdale looked at him hard, but said nothing; and there was a dead silence of a minute or so, broken only by Tom's heavy breathing, which he was labouring in vain to control.

"No," he repeated at last, and the remaining words came out slowly as if they were trying to steady themselves, "but, by God, Drysdale, I *can't* take her with you, and that—" a dead pause. "The young lady you met to-night, eh?"

Tom nodded, but said nothing.

"Well, old fellow," said Drysdale, "now you've made up your mind, I tell you, I'm devilish glad of it—I'm no saint as you know, but I think it would have been a d——d shame if you had taken her with us."

"Thank you," said Tom, and pressed his fingers tighter on his forehead; and he *did* feel thankful for the words, though, coming from the man they did, they went into him like coals of fire.

Again there was a long pause, Tom sitting as before. Drysdale got up, and strolled up and down his room, with his hands in the pockets of his silk-lined lounging coat, taking at each turn a steady look at the other. Presently he stopped, and took his cigar out of his mouth. "I say, Brown," he said, after another minute's contemplation of the figure before him, which bore such an unmistakeable impress of wretchedness, that it made him quite uncomfortable, "why don't you cut that concern?"

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why that 'Choughs' business—I'll be hanged if it won't kill you, or make a devil of you before long, if you go on with it."

"It's not far from that now."

"So I see—and I'll tell you what, you're not the sort of fellow to go in for this kind of thing. You'd better leave it to cold-blooded brutes, like some we know—I needn't mention names."

"I'm awfully wretched, Drysdale; I've been a brute myself to you and everybody of late."

"Well, I own I don't like the new side of you. Now make up your mind to cut the whole concern, old fellow," he said, coming up good-naturedly, and

putting his hand on Tom's shoulder; "it's hard to do, I dare say, but you had better make the plunge and get it over. There's wickedness enough going about without your helping to shove another one into it."

Tom groaned as he listened, but he felt that the man was trying to help him in his own way, and according to his light, as Drysdale went on expounding his own curious code of morality. When it was ended he shook Drysdale's hand, and, wishing him good night, went back to his own rooms. The first step upwards towards the light had been made, for he felt thoroughly humbled before the man on whom he had expended in his own mind so much patronizing pity for the last half-year—whom he had been fancying he was influencing for good.

During the long hours of the night the scenes of the last few hours, of the last few days, came back to him and burnt into his soul. The gulf yawned before him now plain enough, open at his feet—black, ghastly. He shuddered at it, wondered if he should even yet fall in, felt wildly about for strength to stand firm, to retrace his steps; but found it not. He found not yet the strength he was in search of, but in the grey morning he wrote a short note.

"I shall not be able to take you to Abingdon fair to-day. You will not see me perhaps for some days. I am not well. I am very sorry. Don't think that I am changed. Don't be unhappy, or I don't know what I may do." There was no address and no signature to the note.

When the gates opened he hurried out of the college, and, having left it and a shilling with Dick (whom he found clearing the yard, and much astonished at his appearance, and who promised to deliver it to Patty with his own hands before eight o'clock), he got back again to his own rooms, went to bed, worn out in mind and body, and slept till mid-day.

To be continued.

THE SLEEP OF THE HYACINTH.

AN EGYPTIAN POEM. BY THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

THE following poem, written by its lamented author at intervals of leisure, had its origin, as his papers inform us, in the fact that a bulbous root, found in the hand of the mummy of an Egyptian princess, grew again when planted. Pondering this fact, interesting to him as a man of science, and permitting it to develop itself in his imaginative mind in all the range of its suggestions, he constructed the poem. "I call the rhyme," he says in one of his letters, "*The Sleep of the Hyacinth*: it is a mosaic on life, death, and resurrection, natural and spiritual." Had it been finished according to the author's plan, it was to have consisted of six portions, entitled respectively as follows:—

- I. THE GARDEN.
- II. THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWERS.
- III. THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.
- IV. THE ENTOMBMENT OF THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWER.
- V. THE SLEEP.
- VI. THE AWAKING.

Of those intended portions the sixth is totally wanting; of the second all that exists is a few lines, suggesting the subject which the author meant to expand; and both the fourth and fifth portions are incomplete, so far that here and there is a gap where the author purposed to insert stanzas of connexion. Allowing for this incompleteness, and for the absence of corrections for which there are suggestions in the MS., the Poem will be welcomed as a characteristic production of the writer's mind. We present it in two divisions—the first division (containing the first three portions) now; the rest to follow in a future number.

I. THE GARDEN.

The ancient Egyptian garden wherein the Hyacinth grew.

THREE thousand years! three thousand years!

Three thousand long and weary years
Have ceased to be oppressed with fears;
Have wept their latest, bitter tears;
Have drowned the echo of the cheers

That stirred their life awhile;
Have hushed to stillest rest their noise;
Have left to other years their toys;
Have lost the memory of their joys,
And long forgot to smile;

Have cast away their wings and fled
To join the ghosts of centuries dead,

That track the steps of Time,
Since, watered by the abounding Nile
In Egypt's favoured clime,

A Garden stretched where now the sand
Has ruined that delightful land—

A Garden such as mortal eye

Has never seen on Northern shore;
So plenteous were the flowers it bore,
So proudly did its trees on high

Lift their crowned foreheads to the sky,

And dare the burning sun
To blast them with his fiery eye,

To bid them his caresses shun,
Or make them wither, droop, or die.

Their glorious beauty could defy

The fervour of his ardent gaze;

Their tints were borrowed from his rays;

They loved to meet his noontide blaze;

He could not do them ill;

For round about their feet were swathed

Thick, mossy, verdant carpets, bathed

In moisture spread by many a rill

Which, winding from the teeming river,

Flowed in refreshing streams for ever.

The palm was there with fluttering leaves
 The warm air fanning ;
 The sycamore with outspread boughs,
 Like arches overspanning ;
 And all between,
 Enrobed in green,
 Myrtles and fragrant shrubs adorned the scene.

Among their leaves was many a nest,
 From which, as from its night of rest
 Each happy bird awoke,
 A hymn of gladness broke,
 And midst the sound of rustling wings,
 Rose their Hosannah
 To the King of kings.

High over these the tall banana
 Lifted its head, like some Sultana

With glory crowned :
 And through its leafy screen,
 Tinting the light of green,
 Spread a refreshing coolness all around,
 And with its grateful shadow curtained
 o'er the ground.

The pomegranate upon the grass
 Showered down its blood-red petals,
 Like fluttering chips of burnished metals.

With armour bright of glowing brass,
 And wings of gauze in colours shining,
 Like ores which have through much refining,

And many a process come,
 Hovered around the citron tree,
 Filling the air with drowsy hum,
 The broad-winged butterfly, the busy bee,

And mailèd beetles many a one,
 Idling the hours,
 Among the flowers,
 From dawn of day, till set the evening sun.
 Round the thick boughs and gnarlèd stems,

Where'er its clasping tendrils could entwine,

Laden with clusters like dark ruby gems,
 Wound like a serpent the embracing vine,
 And climbing to the topmost spray,

Out of the cunning fox's way,
 Let its ripe bunches peep, out from among the leaves,

Like birds nestled in nooks of shady cottage-eaves.

The golden spheres of the orange-trees

Were tossed about by the playful breeze,
 And bowled along the lawn :
 The blossoms pale of the almond shed
 Their hoary honours around the head
 Of the parent stem when all else was dead,
 And like flakes of snow on the ground
 were strawn.

The lemon flowers grew dim of sight,
 And closed their drowsy eyes at night,
 But opened them wide at the dawn.
 The burly gourd, and the melon round,
 Lazily rolled upon the ground ;
 And beneath their leaves the cucumber wound,

Like a snake about on a bird to bound.
 The plum-trees laden with many years,
 Mourned their old age in trickling tears
 Of balsam and of gum ;
 And noisy chatter and happy hum
 Showed how the busy birds made merry
 On the nectarine's cheek, and each juicy berry,
 And drank the blood of the crimson cherry.

And many another tree was there :
 The acacia with its yellow hair,
 The fig-tree and the lime ;

The fairest things appeared more fair
 In that delightful clime,
 Where piercing north-blasts never blow,
 Nor chills the bleak east wind,
 Where falleth never hail or snow
 To leave its blight behind,
 But an eternal summer breathes
 And from a horn of plenty fills,
 And with a crown of beauty wreathes
 The Everlasting Hills.

From every clime and every shore,
 Whatever choicest plant it bore,
 By tributary nation sent,
 Gave to that Garden ornament.¹
 A thousand stately flowers stood up,
 With chiselled stem and carved cup,
 With sculptured urns ; with hanging bells ;

With trumped-tubes ; with honey-cells
 Wherein the bee found endless wells
 Of nectar to be sipped ;
 And even the wasp forgot his malice,
 When quaffing at each brimming chalice,

¹ Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians* (two vol. ed.), vol. i. p. 57 ; also, vol. ii. p. 36.

And sheathed his sword, with poison
tipped.
Some bore their heads like butterflies,
With plumes and fluttering wings,
And others wore rare ornaments,
Like crowns of queens and kings.
And some spread out like banners
Hung o'er a dungeon-keep,
And others were all hollowed out
And chased like goblets deep ;
In which the drunken gnat could sleep
His day's debauch away,
And many a stealthy worm would creep
And make the buds his prey.
The bulrush grew at the water's edge,
With the paper-reed and the sword-
leaved sedge,
Each with its root stuck down like a
wedge
In the bed of the marshy pool ;
And wherever the waters were clear
and cool,
They were fringed by the oleander,
Whose rosy petals love to be
Where they can their own beauty see,
And blow where rills meander :
Or at the side of some still lake,
Where sea and sky
Gaze eye to eye,
And of each other's charms partake.
The rainbow-tinted iris,
And the slender asphodels,
Nodded gaily to each other
With a graceful, easy motion ;
And pouted out their lips
Like those curious Eastern shells,
That have palaces to dwell in
At the bottom of the ocean.
The narcissus gazed with wonder
On his beauty in the stream ;
And between his leaves and under
Glowed the crocus' golden gleam :
And the tulip's deep-mouthed pitcher
Stood erect upon her stem,
For she knew her flowers were richer,
Though no fragrance rose from them,
Than the petals of the wild thyme
That nestled at her feet,
And the marjoram or lavender,
Though their breath is very sweet.
The poppy with his scarlet plumes
Was like a soldier tall,
But the tallest was the hollyhock,
For he rose above them all,

And with trumpets stood the columbine
As if to sound a call,
At which the flowers should wake from
rest,
And into ranks should fall,
As the bugle makes the soldier start,
And the steed neigh in his stall.
The floating white cups of the lotus lilies
With all their bravery of leaves, were
there ;
The yellow petals of the daffodillies
Breathed forth their perfume to the
passing air ;
And clustered chalices of amaryllis,
Some delicately fair,
Stood robed in white,
And others rosy bright,
Crowned on the summit of their
stately stems
With crimson flowers like queenly
diadems.
The dark-eyed violet sending
Forth its fragrance, when the wind
blows,
The lowly lily of the valley bending
At the feet of the rose.
The rose herself, stately and tall
Over them all
As a queen reigning,
Lowlier things and their homage dis-
daining ;
The heliotrope for ever turning
With eager eye to meet the burning
Glances of the god of day :
The towering forms, the long array
Of sunflowers with their starry faces ;
The cistus with its fleeting graces ;
And other bright flowers
Fanned by the winds, and unharmed
by the showers,
Filled with their beauty the far-spread-
ing bowers.

II. THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWERS.

A young Egyptian princess, daughter of
some Pharaoh, the Queen of the Garden, walks
in it, in the fulness of life. The vision is but
a glimpse; for this part of the poem is un-
finished.

WITHIN the garden lived a maid,
Of noble figure as became a Queen ;
A gentle, graceful and majestic creature

With beauty written on each noble
feature,
And wearing such a regal mien,
That they who watched it, said,
This is no queen whom man has
crowned,
But one whom God has made.

* * * * *

III. THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

Death visits the Egyptian Eden; the Princess
feels his approach, shrinks despairingly, invokes
help from gods and men; and dies.

WITHIN the earliest Eden
The tempter sought his prey:
From every later scene of bliss
He tries to steal the bliss away,
And oftentimes prevails.
For doubt, and woe, and want, and
fear,
And grief, and guilt, and sin,
Are ever ready, standing near
To tempt the tempter in.
And neither youth, nor love, nor hope,
Nor beauty's fading flower,
Nor childhood's joy, nor manhood's
strength,
Its purpose or its power,
Can keep away
The evil day,
Or long avert the hour
When grief must come.
The smiter striketh home:
The cup of sorrow circleth round,
And though we quail and shrink,
To pass it by
No one may try,
But all must bend and drink.
For Christ's dear flock
There doth remain,
A place of rest
From toil and pain,
And God himself on high,
Away from every eye,
Shall wipe off every tear;
But we have no abiding city here.
A morning came: all looked serenely
bright,
As the queen walked forth in the
early air;

The sun unrisen to his mid-day height,
Showed but the forelocks of his
golden hair.
Unearthly beauty spread on all around
A glory she had never seen before;
Death, who keeps treading an impartial
round,
Seemed to have passed the happy
garden o'er.
All was so full of life, of love, of
God,
All sang so joyously his kindly care,
From the small mosses nestling in the
sod,
To the great eagles winging through
the air.
"Oh God! they praise thee," sang her
happy voice,
"I cannot hear them, thou dost hear
them all,
"We all are thine; in thee we all
rejoice,
"Giver of good gifts, on thy name
we call."
So prayed the Queen, and countless
happy days
Their long perspective spread before
her gaze,
Like sculptured sphinxes, daughters of
one mother,
With sister-faces, each one like the
other,
Serenely stretched, with sweet looks
glancing o'er
The long space leading to the temple-
door,
Who seem unending, and who only
cease
Where the gate opens, and the soul
finds peace:
So gazed the queen. But lo! a little
cloud
Rose from the sea, shaped like a
mummy shroud.
The mid-day came: the sun was red as
blood:
A dreary horror filled the air:
The birds sought covert in the thickest
wood,
And the fierce lion crouched within
his lair.
Death had bethought him of the
happy spot,

That smiled so sweetly to the morning sun ;
 "It mocketh me : its beauty I will blot,
 Its crown of glory shall be all undone."

He spared the flowers ; he spared the leafy trees ;

His mark was on them pointing to their prime ;

The merry birds, the murmuring bees,
 They could be his at any time.

He left a footmark here and there,
 But knowing all was his, he could afford to spare.

With shadowless and soundless tread
 He sought the bower where sat the queen ;

Her heart oppressed with nameless dread,

And wond'ring at the changèd scene :
 "I come for thee. Doff all thy pride,

"I have no time for seeking or for suing ;

"Thy place is ready, thou must be my bride ;

"This is my way of winning and of wooing ;

"The sun bends downwards ; when the stars arise

"Prepare to meet me ; thou must be my prize."

"Oh ! thou that sleep'st in Philæ's Holy Isle,

"Oh ! great Osiris with the gentle heart,

"May I behold thy gracious smile !
 "Oh ! give me with thyself a part,

"In those delightful regions of the blest,

"Where thou to sinless spirits grantest rest.

"Ah me ! but who shall sinless say,
 "I come to claim the meed of good works done ?

"Search me and try me ; in the balance weigh ;

"Blot of transgression on my soul is none :

"Or who shall disembodied throw,
 "Himself on certain bliss where all perhaps is woe ?

"Oh, God of gods ! if such there be,
 "And that there is my conscience tells,

"How shall I justify myself to thee,
 "Being in whom perfection dwells ?

"I see the stern, relentless judges seated,

"In solemn circle in the halls below ;
 "The summons dread the herald has repeated,

"And my distracted spirit fears to go
 "Where in my utmost need,

"No one for me will plead,
 "Or intercessor use prevailing prayer ;

"Where altars do not stand,
 "Or victims bleed,

"Or smoke of incense fill the grateful air ;

"But in the gloomy land
 "Is kept the record of each sinful deed.

"The impartial balance on its axis moving ;

"The needle quivering on the swaying beam ;

"The scale, swift rising, and as swift descending ;

"All as if here before me seem :
 "The avengers, waiting for the heart's last proving,

"The awful guardian with his eye of hate,

"The observing God his body bending
 "To watch the action of the shifting weight,

"And the despairing spirit's cry "Too late !"

"As the great judge, his voice extending,

"Speaks till the vaults reverberate the sound,—

"Heaven on thee closes her unwilling gate,"

"Thou hast been weighed, and wanting found."¹

"Oh, God of gods ! if such there be,
 "And that there is my conscience tells,

"How shall I justify myself to thee,
 "Being in whom perfection dwells ?

¹ Wilkinson, vol. ii. p. 331.

"Each long-forgotten crime,
 "That seemed
 "Like something dreamed,
 "All blotted out by time;
 "So that I deemed
 "It was no part of me;
 "Like hieroglyphic flashing in the sun
 "Proclaims, 'From evil thou hast done
 " 'Thou never canst be free.'
 "Legions of sins around my bed,
 "In fierce, vindictive, terrible array,
 "Gnash with their teeth, and scoff,
 and say,
 " 'Sin hath its hour
 " 'Of might and power:
 " 'Long have we waited: now is no
 delay.
 " 'They call for thee! the impatient
 dead,
 " 'And we shall guide thee on the
 way:
 " 'Not one shall fail when God
 will call,
 " 'Thou shalt be marshalled by
 us all,
 " 'And we will win thee on the
 Judgment Day.' "

She started up, and half arose,
 As if to battle with her foes,
 And wildly round the air she struck
 Like one who fights when sore beset,
 Then gazed with an imploring look,
 Which they who saw could ne'er for-
 get,
 So plainly seemed that glance to say,
 "In this, my hour of dark dismay,
 "Can ye not render other help than
 only weep and pray?"

"Oh, God of gods! if such there be,
 "And that there is my conscience
 tells,
 "How shall I justify myself to thee,
 "Being in whom perfection dwells?
 "No Past rolls back behind thy throne,
 "No Future spreads before,
 "A Present, like a boundless sea,
 "On no side finds a shore.
 "The universe would rock and reel,
 "If change should pass on thee,
 "What thou hast been in eldest time,
 "Thou must through endless ages be.

"The holiness that once was thine
 "Cannot in Eons pass away;
 "With guilt it never can combine;
 "As yesterday thou art to-day.
 "But is there not some wondrous way,
 "Some all unthought of, glorious
 plan,
 "By which, though holy, thou
 say
 " 'I can be just, yet pardon man' ?
 " 'Have I not heard a legend wild?
 "Of one who, when the years roll on,
 "Shall come to earth—a woman's
 child—
 "And yet thine only Son;
 "Who shall to thee a ransom pay,
 "And wash the guilt of man away?"

She glanced around, and, as she ceased,
 Quick beckoned to a thoughtful priest:
 "Tell me," she said, "this wondrous
 tale,
 "Tell me, ye priests, if it ye knew,
 "My strength and courage faint and
 fail,—
 " 'I swear you, speak me true
 " 'As ye are priests of Him on high,
 " 'And as ye shall on deathbeds lie,—
 " 'Be done with secret things;
 " 'The daughter of a race of kings
 " 'Lays her commands on you.' "

The priests looked grave, but nothing
 said;
 They deemed it a delirious dream,
 Where strangest thoughts together wed,
 And phantasies and things that are
 No longer with each other war,
 But all as real seem.

She read their looks, and bowed her
 head;
 She crossed her hands, and lowly said,—
 "I kneel before thee in the dust,
 "Dread God of gods, and King of
 kings;
 "Slay me, if Justice say thou must,
 "But I will hide beneath thy wings,
 "And thou shalt be my only trust."

All hushed she then, as if to hear
 Some message whispered in her ear,

¹ See Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. i.
 p. 331.

All still she lay, as if to see
Some vision of Divinity.

But Death was fiercely beating
At life's shattered gate,
And scoffed at all entreating
That he awhile should wait.
And senselessness was stealing
O'er the wearied, aching brain,
And every pulse and feeling
Were numbed by cruel pain.
The ear was dull, and dim the eye,
Nor message seemed from Him on high.

Then rose upon the startled air
An awful cry of wild despair,
Which made the trembling hearers start,
And chilled the life-blood in each heart.
But whilst they stood with tortured ear,
Prepared again that sound to hear,
Lo! on the queenly face a change
Had passed, unutterably strange:
The look of pain and woe was gone,

The brow like polished marble shone,
The gleaming eyes were fixed above,
With a fond look of awe and love.
The hands were raised as if to clasp
Something beloved in their grasp;
The quivering lips essayed awhile
To speak, but only reached a smile;
Then all was still: upon the breast
The folded arms sank down to rest;
The dark eyelashes, like portcullis spears,
Closed fast for ever o'er the gate of tears.
And by their looks the watchers knew
That each the same conclusion drew;
But no one spake, for all amazed
Upon the wondrous vision gazed.

Silence came down on Pharaoh's pile,
Save in that chamber you might hear
Low stifled sobbing and the dropping
tear,
And far-off ripple of the murmuring
Nile.

(To be continued.)

DECAY AND PRESERVATION OF STONE.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A. F.R.S.

THE stones used for ordinary building purposes are in all countries and in all places those which are nearest at hand, provided they are adapted to the local want; and though, where tolerably cheap stone is not to be had, brick is often resorted to, we may be sure that the former will supersede the latter whenever it is possible. The stone, however, is generally used in the state in which it comes from the quarry, and often without much examination; so that, in towns near quarries, it has been a mere chance whether a good or bad quality of the common material has been selected, especially for private buildings. Nor is this the case in England only, for although, from the dampness and variable temperature of our climate and the quantity of coal burnt in towns, stone decays more rapidly with us than in the drier air of the continent of Europe,

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there are plenty of examples of bad material and bad selection in other places, and we everywhere find proof of the inevitable consequences.

All the stones in common use, of whatever kind, are more or less absorbent, and those most easily chiselled and worked into ornament are, almost without exception, those which most easily decay. The Bath stone is a good example; for, though unrivalled for cheapness and the facility of being worked,—especially when fresh from the quarry,—very beautiful in its creamy tint of colour, and in many other essentials an admirable material, this stone decomposes so rapidly when exposed to damp and town influences, that most of the buildings constructed of it show decay within a few years. It is remarkable, however, that the stones used in the city of Bath, and its fine Abbey church, have with-

stood this process better than those elsewhere employed. Thus Bristol is in a far worse state than Bath, and but little remains of the elaborate ornaments that once decorated the churches there, although many of them were built from the very quarries that, about the same time, or not much later, were used for the sister city.

The only freestones that resist with any steadiness the attacks of weather in England, are the hard pale sandstones of some parts of Derbyshire, and those of Edinburgh, worked at Craigmyleth. These consist almost entirely of grains of silica, cemented with the same material, and in this mixture there is nothing whatever to induce decay. They are however, expensive, and not easily worked. The mixed carbonates of lime and magnesia obtained from the borders of Derbyshire and Yorkshire have withstood exposure in their own neighbourhood, but require careful selection. Granites generally resist weathering, but they also are too costly to be employed on a large scale.

The mode in which decay affects exposed stones, is simple and easily understood. Very few stones are to be found that do not absorb water, and this is the foundation of the mischief. The water acts, however, in different ways, according to the nature of the stone. Limestone, the most common kind, generally consists of a number of small grains of carbonate of lime, or particles of shells and coral broken up into fragments, cemented together by the percolation of water, containing carbonate of lime. Many of the sandstones in like manner consist of particles of sand, cemented by carbonate of lime. This mode of formation of solid rock is a process that seems always to have been going on in nature, for all limestones and sandstones were originally soft mud, and became hardened by gradual drying under pressure. In this way has arisen the usual condition of the Bath, Portland, and other building limestones, and also many of the sandstones of England, while precisely the same process may be observed now wherever any large quantity of shells,

or coral, or sand, is found on or near a sea-coast.

Whenever material of this kind is quarried out of the earth and exposed to the air, it is found to contain a good deal of moisture, on parting with which it becomes harder. Pores and crevices however are left, into which water will readily enter in wet weather, and if the rain should be succeeded by severe frost, the water, expanding within the stone, especially where it occupies the narrow crevices, soon chips off and removes any loose fragments, acting with most effect on the angular and projecting parts. It also throws off scales and films of stone from the smooth surface in a fine powder, little noticed at first, but gradually becoming manifest, and ultimately destroying the face of the stone. This, it will be noticed, is strictly a mechanical action, and occurs in any porous material, whether limestone or sandstone. In fact, some sandstones are even more affected than some limestones, owing to the weak coherence of their particles.

There is another serious cause of decay in such stones as consist either entirely of limestone, or of particles of sand cemented by carbonate of lime. This arises from the chemical action of substances held in solution by rain-water, and obtained from the atmosphere of large towns in which vast quantities of coal are constantly being burnt, as well as from the decomposition of animal and vegetable products. A certain quantity of ammonia, of sulphurous acid, and of carbonic acid, is thus always at hand, and possibly many other substances, all soluble in water; and there is also a large quantity of carbon in the minutely divided state we call soot, resulting from the unburnt portion of the coal which escaped as smoke. Mixed with all these, and being itself, when pure, capable of dissolving carbonate of lime to a small extent, the rain falls or is beaten against the exposed faces of stone, and is driven into the crevices and pores open to receive it. A slow destruction is inevitable; the surface of the stone becomes coated with soot; and the water,

with its acids, soon acts on the interior, to a small extent no doubt each time, but repeated so often as to produce in time a great result. It is only when the stone is not porous, and does not contain crevices, or when the pores and crevices have had time to be choked by some living vegetation (which happens often in the open country, but rarely in towns), or, lastly, when in some way these pores and chinks are choked up artificially, that there is any possibility of preserving the face of the stone from destruction.¹

It is clear that all porous substances that admit of injury by the means just described come under the same category, and that the various cements of which carbonate of lime forms part will require preservation to the same extent as the natural stones. In a general way it may be said, that in proportion as a stone is more nearly crystalline, it is closer in texture, and less liable to absorb foreign substances than ordinary stone; and for this reason, as really crystalline stones and marbles of fine quality are too expensive for ordinary building material, the semi-crystalline stones of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, known as magnesian limestones, have been highly recommended, and, after careful inquiry, one of them was selected as the material for the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster. The sample quarry not being however of sufficient magnitude, it appears that a neighbouring one was selected, and it has unfortunately happened that a large part of the stone by no means answers the original expectation.² The disappoint-

¹ The destruction is greatly assisted by, and perhaps it sometimes originates with, the rapid absorption into the substance of the stone of various gases existing in the atmosphere of towns. This is effected by a peculiar process first explained by Professor Graham. Porous stones act, however, not only as absorbents, but as actual filters, decomposing the fluids they filter.

² Mr. L. H. Smith, one of the commissioners appointed to report on the stone for the Houses of Parliament, has recently stated that the true cause of bad material was the want of proper selection, and that other buildings in London of similar material properly selected

ment and injury thus occasioned has been felt now for some time, and great discussion has arisen both within and without the walls of Parliament on the subject. To allow the decay to go on, will unquestionably involve in a few years the permanent injury of a large part of the architectural decorations of the building, and a remedy is loudly called for. There is no doubt that this unfortunate result in so important a building, has been the chief cause of the share of attention recently given to inquiries concerning the preservation of building stone from decay.

One remedy is at hand and has long been in use in London and elsewhere. The absorbent surface of the stone or cement exposed to injury from water, may be coated with paint made of animal oil and white lead; very efficient at the time, inasmuch as the whole surface is covered with a material which effectually repels all water as long as it remains sound. This remedy however is not only enormously expensive and exceedingly unsightly, but the instant the paint is laid on the stone and exposed to the weather, it also begins to decay. A chemical action commences, the oil becomes oxidised, and ceases to hold together the particles of white lead, and in the course of three or four years, at most, sufficient injury is done to render it necessary to re-paint the whole, if we would preserve the stone beneath. Added to this, the sulphuretted hydrogen in the atmosphere of large towns, produced by the combustion of impure street gas, attacks the lead, blackens, corrodes, and soon destroys it.

Under the head of paints must be included all, without exception, of the long list of contrivances that have been suggested (many of them also have been largely tried) in which the presence of animal or vegetable substances, chiefly oils, mixed with other ingredients, renders the application useless after the lapse of a longer or shorter time.

It must be evident, at a glance, that have stood perfectly well. He instances the Museum of Economic Geology in Jermyn Street.

the admission of materials decomposing on exposure to the air is fatal to the durability of any mixture whatever; and thus the whole class of pigments containing oil, blood, or other organic substances, is excluded from competition in any attempt to discover a means of permanently preserving stone from destruction.

In the year 1825, an ingenious paper was published in a well-known German scientific periodical (Karsten's Archiv.), in which is described the manufacture of a kind of glass, composed, as other glass is, of silica or pounded flint, and a strong alkali (caustic potash or soda), but which becomes soluble in boiling water, owing to the large proportion of alkali employed in its manufacture. To this material the name of *water-glass* was applied. As originally made by Dr. Fuchs, its inventor, this glass consisted of fifteen parts of pure quartz, sand, or powdered flints, ten parts of well purified potash, and one part of powdered charcoal, exposed to a strong heat in a fire-proof melting-pot for five or six hours until fused. The resulting substance, being broken up and pulverised, was placed in about five parts of boiling water in an iron pot, the liquid being constantly stirred, and hot water added for three or four hours until the whole was dissolved. Being then cooled in a closed vessel it could be transferred to stoppered bottles in a liquid state, and kept for any length of time. By adding to a concentrated solution about one fourth its volume of alcohol, a gelatinous precipitate was produced, which could be separated and preserved dry, and this substance was soluble readily and completely in water. In this way was made *potash water-glass*, and, by a nearly similar process, either *soda water-glass* or a mixture of the two.

Dr. Fuchs considered that one of the most important uses of his new invention would be to mix with pigments, to impart great durability and indestructibility to paintings. He even considered that a new era was opened to art by the introduction of his system, which he

named *Stereochromy*, and which was to supersede fresco painting.¹

Many other uses suggested themselves to its discoverer for this singular material. When pure it has the appearance of ordinary glass; but acids, alkalies, and alkaline salts and earths, decompose it, and separate the silica in a gelatinous or flaky form. Even alumina combines with it. If it is dissolved and exposed to the air it attracts carbonic acid and suffers decomposition, producing a slimy deposit. If exposed to the air in a solid state, it is also decomposed after a time. When a concentrated solution is brushed over solid substances it soon dries up and forms a shining transparent coating, which afterwards becomes dull, and cracks as it parts gradually with its water. When it is used as a cement, its action resembles that of glue, but it forms a much stiffer paste with powdered carbonate of lime than with powdered flint, and acts differently on different solids.

Water-glass, thus discovered, does not seem to have become generally known or to have attracted much attention in Germany for the next fifteen years; but in 1840 Professor Kuhlman, of Lille, began a series of researches on the efflorescences on walls, with a view to determine the potash and soda present in building-stones and cements, thinking that by proper management he might

¹ The eminent German painter, Kaulbach, has executed four large paintings in this manner in Berlin, although the practical difficulties cannot yet be said to be overcome, and the question of durability is still doubtful. The application of the water-glass is both to the ground-work of cement on which the picture is to be painted, and to fix the colours after its completion. In the former, the completed calcareous incrustation which forms the ordinary ground for fresco painting, is twice impregnated with a solution of the water-glass, and then left to dry. The ground is said to differ but little from that commonly used. After the picture is painted, the water-glass is again applied with a syringe having a fine rose, and is repeated until the colours adhere so firmly that they cannot be rubbed off with the finger; different colours requiring a different quantity of the solution to fix them. When thus completed, the picture needs only to be washed a few times first with spirits of wine and afterwards with pure water.

discover a preparation by whose aid these absorbent substances might be changed at the surface into non-absorbent silicates.

He discovered that something of this might be done by the use of a silicate of potash, and was brought to experiment with this view on the water-glass of Dr. Fuchs. The experiments in the laboratory being at length successful, there seemed nothing left to accomplish, and the work was attempted on a larger scale. By placing chalk in a solution of the silicate of potash (water-glass), the chalk absorbed a considerable quantity of silica, and by a frequent repetition of the soaking and exposure to the air, the specimen not only hardened at the surface but was completely indurated after fifteen years exposure to a thickness of a quarter of an inch. This hardness was found also to be greatly assisted by heat. M. Kuhlman seems indeed to have been aware that occasionally in damp weather, and always in moist atmospheres, a considerable length of time must elapse before the silica can become hardened. This was however a practical difficulty which he hoped would not seriously interfere with the ultimate result, and he ventured to experiment on various buildings, throwing a weakened solution on the building in a shower by means of a pump, and employing soft brushes in the parts which the shower would hardly reach. The result of this we are not expressly told, but, judging from the effect of a similar wash when tried lately in England (with certain improved methods since introduced) on a portion of the river-front of the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the real secret of success has certainly not been discovered by the French chemist. It is not easy at present to reconcile the account given by Professor Kuhlman, and quoted in a report recently made on the subject to the French Academy of Science, with the appearance actually presented on the stone experimented on in England. It appears also beyond a doubt that similar trials in Paris have been equally unsuccessful.

While Mr. Kuhlman was carrying on

experiments in his laboratory at Lille, a countryman of our own, Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, had been making soluble silicate in his own way on a large scale, operating in a steam boiler on tons weight of material, with the view of manufacturing an artificial stone suitable for grinding, building, ornamental, and filtering purposes. Mr. Ransome's first idea was to obtain such a stone by fusing ordinary glass with sand, forced into moulds by hydrostatic pressure; but he soon discovered the soluble silicate, though without the name (water-glass) that had been given it, and set to work to dissolve common flints, unbroken, under a steam pressure of sixty to eighty pounds on the square inch, with a strong caustic solution of soda or potash. Having dissolved his flints, he made the sand into a paste with them, and found that although at first this paste hardened, it soon became soft on exposure to the atmosphere. After subjecting it however to bright heat in a kiln, he obtained a permanent stone which he could modify in many ways with great facility, and which was perfectly durable. So far his experiments seemed (like those of M. Kuhlman) perfectly satisfactory, and he proceeded to manufacture and sell ornamental stone-work. After a time, complaints were heard that the stone became disfigured by the efflorescence of a salt, causing an unsightly appearance, and looking like incipient decay. On investigation, it came out that the stone was sound, but that sulphate of soda had existed or been formed in the stone; and that after a time it presented itself at the surface. By a series of experiments, and the application of chemical science, it appeared that the impurities in the soda-ash and lime used in the manufacture were the cause of the mischief, and that by treating the caustic solution of soda with caustic baryta before admitting it into the boiler, no subsequent efflorescence resulted. The manufacture of the improved stone then proceeded with activity, and we believe it has not since been complained of.

Armed with this knowledge of the

cause of impurity of his soluble glass, and proceeding still in a direction parallel to that of M. Kuhlman, though it would seem without any idea of the fact, Mr. Ransome next thought that he might apply his soluble silicate to absorbent stones, thus binding together the loose particles, and glazing over the whole surface. Like his rival at Lille, he also states,¹ that "he produced an "amazing degree of hardness which "appeared thoroughly effective so long "as it was protected from moisture;" but, unlike the former experimenter, he discovered, before experimenting on a large scale, that "a shower of rain or "a damp state of the air removed "the silicate next the surface before it "had absorbed sufficient carbonic acid "to precipitate the silica." It then occurred to him that an acid wash removing the spare alkali might do good, but this also was found practically inefficient.

It is at this point that the next step was made, which seems to have secured to Mr. Ransome the success hitherto wanting. Himself well acquainted with all that department of chemistry which he practised so ingeniously, it occurred to him that, by a process of double decomposition, he might actually precipitate on and within the porous stone the insoluble salt *silicate of lime*, the substance that is formed after a time, and gives its wonderful durability to old mortars, concrete, and other cements. He had already got the silica combined with soda in his solution or *water-glass*, and if he could get the silicic acid to combine with lime, while the soda was taken up by some other base, the thing was done.

Chloride of calcium, a well-known salt easily obtainable in large quantities, suggested itself without much difficulty; and as chlorine combines very readily with sodium, forming common salt, it was reasonable to hope that, the chlorine

set free, the silicic acid would combine with the calcium and form the much desired *silicate of lime*. A few experiments were sufficient to show that the idea was correct; and now when a porous stone, no matter how decayed, is soaked or washed with the liquid solution made by boiling flints in soda ash, and afterwards with a solution of chloride of calcium, "the chlorine is immediately "set free, and forms, with the soda, common salt, which is entirely washed away "and got rid of by the first rains, or by "the application of water; while the calcium, combining with the silicic acid of "the silicate, forms a tough silicate of "lime, attaching itself firmly round the "surface of each separate grain of stone "with which it comes in contact; producing an extremely compact deposit, "not acted upon either by carbonic or "dilute sulphuric acid, and identical with "the material which holds together the "separate grains or stones in mortar, "hydraulic cements, and concretes."

The first application of this method outside the laboratory Mr. Ransome states to have been on part of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, in the year 1856. In effect the result has been in the highest degree satisfactory; for although, owing to an excess of silicate of lime left on the surface—a not unnatural consequence of a first experiment—the appearance is somewhat unsightly, the stone is beyond all doubt preserved, and the decay, where it had already set in, is arrested. Other buildings on which the process has been tried have not shown this unsightly appearance, but have, as far as can be judged, remained altogether undecomposed, while parts of similar stone unprotected, and exposed in the same way, have shown unmistakable signs of decay.¹

¹ See his memoir, read before the chemical section, at the meeting of the British Association, at Aberdeen (1859), and since published in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, November 4, 1859.

¹ The stones experimented on by Mr. Ransome, on the river front of the Houses of Parliament, may be observed to be covered with an efflorescence of small crystals. These consist of sulphate of magnesia, which, however, are thrown out without carrying with them any particles of the stone. Such at least is the statement of Mr. Warrington, made at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts

To all appearance, then, a method is discovered by the application of which much of the unsightly look and rapid destruction of the stonework of our newer public buildings may be prevented, and the decay that has commenced in others be stayed. Since also the application of this method to the surface of cement might replace painting, there is a prospect of great economy in this respect, especially with regard to private constructions where artificial stone enters largely into the composition of the decorative parts. In these cases no doubt the stone manufactured with the soluble silicate and flint sand would itself be the best material even if somewhat more costly, but at any rate a means is offered to remedy an evil from which, in a climate like that of England, there had hitherto appeared to be no escape.

Recurring to the different building stones, we may hope, with the use of

this preservative, to find the Bath stone again coming into favour, and along with the large class of soft oolites to which it belongs, employed on a large scale for those numerous works of gothic architecture for which its softness and facility of working renders it so desirable.

If by any simple application of the kind suggested, its decay can be prevented, no stones are so likely as this and the other soft oolites to be employed in the metropolis on a large scale. We may hope, when such is the case, to see that freedom of handling which so soft a material admits once more employ the talents of our masons, whose ingenuity was thrown away when the duration of their work could hardly be calculated as reaching a quarter of a century.

Experience will show in a few years how far the results of the new process may be depended on.

ON READERS IN 1760 AND 1860.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

COMPARING the last century and this, we may notice a curious change in the common estimate of literature and of its readers. The line was strongly drawn in Johnson's time between those who read and those who counted, without shame, as not readers, and far more decidedly of course between the class of authors and the world at large. They seemed to form opposite camps, contrasted as practical and helpless, fashionable and low, or again, as trivial and studious, learned and ignorant, ephemeral and immortal, as gay or serious thought respectively dictated men's criticisms. Literature in popular judgment oscillated between Glory and Grub Street. Student was then a word not so confined to youth or to special pursuits; the student or author were

looked on at once with a respect and with a contempt unknown to our judgment—more liberal, but less accurate and sensible. For no one who knows Boswell's book (and to know this is to know more of the last century than we can of any before it) will fail to acknowledge that just grounds existed for some portion of the contempt and for a large portion of the honour. The tone of that century was, in a certain sense indeed, as we have often been told of late by rather violent voices, shallow and worldly, and certain special studies (philology and mathematics, mainly in England) were unsatisfactorily followed. Yet, in contrast with this, there is abundant proof that men read and wrote then, though not on such deep or earnest subjects altogether as now, yet in a deeper and more earnest spirit. We need not, now, much value many of their results; the "process of the suns" has rendered it certain that

(March 2d, 1860). The crystals are formed by the action of water, containing sulphate of ammonia, filtering in from the unsheltered and porous stones above.

perfect poetry was written before Cowley, and left us quite indifferent to the Warburtonian theory of government. Yet men gave their best thoughts and long labour to the books alluded to; they were written for and found real readers; they influenced men's opinions, more or less, for many years. Any moderately well-informed man would smile if it were pretended here, that all the writers and all the readers of 1760, were of that uniformly intelligent class which we know authors now are privileged to address; yet the line then drawn between the studious and the world was traced by the knowledge that those who wrote were more or less the separate class who were qualified and trained to teach others, and that readers came to learn new thoughts or information, or to find amusement of a kind higher and more amusing than could be expected from living gossip. Books were then a "substantial world" by themselves. They now become daily more and more a mere other person's conversation, a voice from another speaker who does not happen to be by. They were then apparently objects of a special belief; they were oracles conveying something not to be found elsewhere, or to be approached casually. No doubt the cave was often dingy, the tripod perhaps two-legged, the Pytho-ness drunk and declamatory, and the god altogether of a material order; yet there lay a genuine worship of the Muses in it all, an honest recognition of industry, and earnestness, and genius.

We have given up this superstition in great measure, and speak without any flattery of the ages which held it. Nay, to the writer, the attitude of the present century to the eighteenth, seems often to be not quite after the fashion of the folks in the parable; but rather a derisive gesture towards that Pharisee—thanking God that we are not like him, so proud, formal, worldly, and overwell-dressed. We have proclaimed liberty of writing and reading, and in many obvious ways find this other free-trade much to our advantage. Nor

would it be just to say that the respect generally wrung at last from the world for genius is paid at the present time with more than its usual reluctance. Do we not boast, in fact, that in our century a Johnson or a Chatterton would never have starved and struggled, that genius is at once crowned and welcomed, that our Miltons cannot complain of falling upon alien days? We believe what we boast, and think there is something very favourable to gifted natures in this universal diffusion of literature. But genius, meanwhile, is very passive under these advantages.

"Some books," said one of the greatest human authorities, "*are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.*" Amongst our many facilities and gains in this matter, there is reason to fear that Lord Bacon's first class not only passes the others (as perhaps it always must) numerically, but threatens more or less to absorb them.

There seems no reason to think the froth of this day frothier than of old, and I am very grateful for novels and any good easy reading; it is not in the much extended attention such books now receive that the danger lies. One should differ from an authority so high as Mr. J. S. Mill with a rare hesitation; yet it does not seem to me that it is in a marked degree the mere number of new books, or the over-influence of advertisements, which renders good books scarce and good readers almost scarcer. Genius and Industry will not naturally heed the crowd in the market, nor is the difference between their works and the wares of the crowd less than at any former period. The root of the wrong appears to be, that people, unless profession or scientific interest influences them, go to books for something almost similar to what they find in social conversation. Reading tends to become only another kind of gossip. Everything is to be read, and everything only once; a book is no more a treasure to be kept and studied and known by heart, as the truly charming phrase has it, if deserving that intimacy. People expect no longer

an art in writing—a genuine vocation in the author for his work, a real accuracy, a clear condensation of fact or fancy, a language suitable to the thought, and thoughts worthy of choice language. Almost all but first-rate writers (and this majority includes many who were once first-rate) meet the fashion: their works are only to pass over drawing-room tables for the season, far indeed from that “possession for ever” which one of the books most justly so described was named by its author. The “Run and Read Library” only too accurately fits the popular feeling. It is here that the multitude of books tells injuriously.

Really, the more books, the better possible selection for the readers; but each fills so little time in an age when every one reads, that it is natural to turn to the next on the table. I may notice that this summary process, this inability to read even novelties more than once, leads to a truly mean and miserable false judgment on many books once justly studied and enjoyed. Byron, it appears, is too shallow, Scott too popular of old, Wordsworth too dull for the Athenians of the moment. And yet any one of these volumes, to those who read in a more purpose-like and higher spirit, will give far truer pleasure

than libraries only “tasted.” We read at once too much and too little.

Multum, non multa. I have tried to say in many words what the proverb says in three. Without a pedantic exclusion of lesser and lighter matters, let a man, or a woman who wishes to claim her natural mental rights and position, read mainly the best books, and begin again when the series is ended. Life is not long; but the available list is briefer still. Putting aside the books which give special information or discuss points of theory, a few shelves would hold all the modern master-works—how few the ancient! Yet these are enough. For a good book not only puts the thoughts of its age in the sweetest and highest form, but includes, by a natural implication, the thousand lesser works contemporary. And these again we read with far more gain and amusement through familiarity with masterpieces. Knowledge of these supplies taste and judgment and standards for the pleasant work of comparison. It is books thus read which “give growth to youth “and pleasure to age, delight at home, “make the night go by, and are friends “for the road and the country.” . . . How modern the words seem! yet they tell that 1,900 years ago there were men who comprehended reading.

AN ENGLISH PAINTER'S TOMB.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

DOES the reader know Chiswick?

“Yes,” he answers instantly, and with indignation, “of course he does.” He knows a long and painful road whose heat is as the heat of the tropics, and whose dust is as the dust of Sahara. He knows a little lane down to the left, and a paddock by the side of the little lane. It is full of carriages with the horses taken out; and if you want the most immovable-looking thing in the world, let us speak of a carriage with the horses taken out. St. Paul's Cathedral is frisky to it. What else? Dis-

tant banging of drums from military bands—distracting ladies in maddening toilets, all of whom you would like to know—don't know any of them—know the Miss Younghusbands though, and they know you too, and seem inclined to stick to you. You dodge them round the tents, and, having escaped, run against them again five minutes after. What else? Swells whom you hate and envy, because they know the distracting ladies alluded to above, and do not know the Miss Younghusbands—absence of intellect in these lords of the

creation—decided scarcity of men of genius—too much lavender glove, white hat, cut-away coat, and fawn-coloured pantaloons—Scotch gardeners, who look upon flowers much as medical men regard interesting cases—long tents, where you exhaust your vocabulary of wonder and admiration at an early stage, and end in getting into a state in which a rose two feet in diameter would not astonish you. Other tents, where you are driven mad by the sight of unattainable strawberries—come out savage and dissatisfied—spoil your appetite for dinner with cakes and ices—see the pretty ladies depart, surrounded by the swells, for whose lives you thirst—time to go away—coachman not to be found when wanted—disappeared with horses—come back to cold dinner—unspeakably flat evening—resolve that all morning amusements are failures—determine you'll never do it again—very nearly determine that you'll never do *anything* again! It is thus that the reader knows Chiswick.

But it is not thus that Mathews R.A. and I know Chiswick.

It is the Chiswick of the past that we know; the Chiswick of the past that we visit. The Chiswick that has a mall, a river-side walk from which men with cloaks and spindle-shanks, with powdered heads and three-pointed hats, have handed ladies, who said "La!" into boats. The Chiswick that has old red-brick houses well built, clean and solid, with high and sloping roofs, white-sashed windows, suggestive of snowy bed-furniture, and sheets that smell of lavender, and squares of white curd soap whose lather is as hard to come at as is the colour from that cake of emerald green which Mathews's last but one (the sweetest blessed child I ever saw) was rubbing in a saucer when we started. Houses there where good dinners may be relied on still, where the sherry of Afric is unknown, and from whose doors fat-sided horses, driven by fat-sided coachmen, have drawn our ancestors to Chiswick church a hundred years ago.

This is the Chiswick that we know—

Mathews and I—this the Chiswick that we "do" in a manner which is philosophical, artistic, antiquarian, archæological, calm.

In this choice and comfortable region, and in the choicest part of it, there stands, as everybody knows, a certain noble mansion, whose owner, shut in in his own large grounds, may, if he will, ignore the fact that London is within a half-hour's carriage drive, and may fancy the foul air, the pestilent sights, and sounds, and smells of the metropolis a hundred miles away. Indeed, the difficulty is to think otherwise, when once you have passed through those princely and coroneted gates, on which are emblazoned, in gold and colour, the dual arms of Devonshire. Once in that avenue of tender and sweet-smelling limes, you wander on till you come to places wonderful in their beauty and seclusion; to a river white with lilies, to thickets of rare foreign trees, to lonely pools where unmolested carp roll on the surface of the tepid water on the August afternoons, and to deserted temples in that classic style which reigned some eighty years ago, when ladies dressed after the antique, when gentlemen made the "grand tour," and when no man's grounds were thought to be complete without a due allowance of river gods and Tritons. Will there ever be another Triton sculptured? It is a curious subject for speculation. Well, this is a rare old place after all; and I will wager the shirt-pin which my grandfather bequeathed to me (and which is the only article of value I possess) that its owner never enjoyed it half so much as I did when, by his permission, I spent a day there all alone, at that period of the year when the hot summer of '58 was at its very hottest.

Let us move a step farther. Our present business is not with this proud region. Let us emerge from it and look about us. Let us see what comes next.

Patched on outside the wall of this lordly park, humbly waiting at its gilded gate, there is a small domain, a little tangled plot of cabbage-garden; an inclosure, mark you, where the gooseberry

bush and the stinging-nettle grow together in amity, where the grass is coarse and high, where the dandelion and the thistle are not unknown, and where the artichoke of Jerusalem rises rank and tall to unheard-of altitudes. In a word, it is about as miserable a specimen of horticulture, and the whole place is about as good a contrast to that which we have described above, as can well be imagined. But what have we to do with it? You shall hear.

In this garden of the slothful there stands a little, shallow, piled-up house, with a high roof, and something of a hump-backed look difficult to account for. There is, too, a bay-window, like an excrescence, which sticks out so far from the house itself, is so unsupported, so exceedingly likely to tumble off into the untidy garden, and which gives one so completely the idea that it is (in nautical phrase) holding on by its eyelids, that one would hesitate to smoke out a single pipe beneath its dangerous shade.

And what of the little shallow house? What of its small panelled rooms, and its floors that rise and fall, and slope uphill and downhill, and show not one square foot of even planking? What of this excrescental bow?

In that window there has sat one whose memory we should not forget. In that house there has lived one whose name should be honoured among us. For that house was the house of Sir James Thornhill, and in it WILLIAM HOGARTH lived, and loved, and worked.

During the whole time that Mathews and I were in that house, we were singularly silent; but I noted that we were especially so while in the room which has the reputation of having been that in which Hogarth was in the habit of painting. We did not speak, and yet I have little doubt that, had we compared notes as to the subject of our thoughts, we should have found that we were both occupied with the same reflections.

Who is there that would not be startled if he was made aware of the amount of anxiety and disappointment, ay, and even of passionate distress, which the four walls of a painter's room

witness? Does Doubleface, for instance, the art-critic, when he disposes of a picture in his usual flippant manner, think of these things? Does the public think of these things? Alas, the impression upon the public mind of the way in which pictures are produced is an utterly false one, and should be corrected once and for all. Let the public be told then, once for all, that an artist does *not* shut himself up with a canvas in his room, and proceed to fling his ideas upon it in a kind of untrammelled poetic fury, but that, on the contrary, he has to deal with stubborn and intractable facts which he cannot mould as he wishes, and whose laws he is obliged to obey. He is compelled, it is wretched to think how often, to abandon an intention in which he delighted, because human beings have bones and joints which he finds he cannot twist and warp into the shape he wants. Let the public know, too, that every part of the artist's work has to be painfully compared with nature, and tested by the limits (much narrower limits than is generally supposed) of possibility. Let them know that sacrifices, great and cruel sacrifices, are exacted from the artist—sacrifice of his pleasures that he may keep his head in that perfect order which is indispensable to his work—sacrifice of society that he loves, because he can think and labour harder when away from it, or because the exigencies of the peculiar subject he is at work upon require that he should be banished to some lonely place, where he has no soul to speak to for months together, and where he must remain till his task is done—sacrifice of his comfort, such as the man must encounter who sits at his easel out of doors when the snow is on the ground, and when the very blood is cold within his veins—and one sacrifice more, the worst of all, the sacrifice of his work, of work completed, and beautiful in itself, and which must be scraped and cleaned from off the canvas on which it has been placed with such long effort and such arduous labour, because it is inconsistent with some part of the work in progress,

and being so must go out of it. What do people know of the misery that reigns in an artist's whole household, when the members of it know that he is thus employed in undoing what it has cost so much to do? What do they know of an artist's career? Do they know that many who commence it break down under fatigues that few can 'undergo? Do they know that health has been destroyed, and that brains have softened, under the pressure of this work? And do they ever remember, for one fraction of a moment, as they examine a collection of pictures, that what they see before them has only been arrived at by close application, and by long and painful processes, and that many of these canvases which they regard so carelessly have been touched with pencils dipped in tears?

Enough of this. The subject warrants the digression, but it shall be indulged in no longer, and we will return, by an easy transition, at once from Hogarth's profession to Hogarth's house.

Now Mathews, whose own brave deeds in art are just those of one who would understand and love the memory of Hogarth perhaps better than any man alive, is highly indignant that this his summer residence should be allowed to fall into decay, and that the room in which he painted, and which is a separate building (a loft, in fact, over the stable), should be literally tumbling to pieces. In sooth, and indignation apart, the crossing of this same studio (about ten feet square) was a service of danger, and the floor was not one whit more secure than was a certain sheet of ice which fifteen years ago gave way beneath my skate, and soured me into the water, some twelve feet deep, which spreads its broad expanse before the Palace at Kensington.

"Now," said Mathews, as we emerged from the door of the little shallow house, "suppose we go, while we are about it, and pay a visit to Hogarth's tomb."

I don't mind acknowledging that I was a little startled at this. "From

Chiswick to Westminster Abbey," I thought to myself; "we shall be late for dinner."

I am one of those wretched, wretched persons, who set great store by dinner. Woe's me, I almost think that if, on condition of missing that delightful incident in the day's history, I were promised, instead of a visit to Hogarth's tomb, an interview with Hogarth's spirit, I would not accept it. This, by the by, is by no means an unheard-of temptation that I am supposing, for have I not acquaintances who would think nothing of offering me an entertainment, in the course of which the spirit of Hogarth, or anybody else I like to mention, should pass the evening with me and rap away at the table, with a fury partaking of the respective natures of an insane woodpecker and an inebriated auctioneer?

The thought, then, of a journey to Westminster Abbey was formidable to me in the extreme; but I was ashamed to allege the real reason why it was so, and, trusting the matter to chance, I agreed to my friend's proposal, followed him down a green lane that led towards the river, nor uttered word till he led the way through a small gate that gave admission to Chiswick churchyard.

Then I up and spoke. "Is this the way to Westminster Abbey, Mathews?"

"No," said that gentleman; "why should it be? We have nothing to do with Westminster Abbey."

"I thought we were going to see Hogarth's tomb," I remonstrated.

"And so we are," was the reply.

"Well, then," I argued, thinking I had now hung my friend on the horns of a dilemma, "if we are going to see Hogarth's tomb, and Hogarth's tomb is in Westminster Abbey, it seems to me that we *have* something to do with that sacred edifice."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Mathews, "is it possible that you are not aware that Hogarth is buried in this small churchyard, and that this tomb before which we are now standing is the only monument in England that bears his name?"

I looked in the direction indicated by a wave of my friend's stick, and saw a small piled-up monument, something like the upright leaden tea-caddies in which our housemaids keep their stores of the Chinese herb. The tea-caddy was four-sided, and had an inscription on each side of it; for even this shabby monument was not erected to the great painter alone. On the tabular portion dedicated to William Hogarth was an epitaph by David Garrick, an ingenious inscription enough, exhorting the reader of it, if he is unmoved by everything that appeals to the softer and better emotions of humanity—if his heart is untouched by poetry, inaccessible to pity—to leave the place without delay. In brief, if he feels that his mind is a blank, and his heart a stone, he is requested to be off with all speed; while if, on the contrary, he is an agreeable and sensitively disposed person, he is invited to remain and drop as many tears as may be convenient to Hogarth's memory.

My friend deposited his stalwart form upon a flat tombstone opposite the monument we had come in quest of. I encamped over against him upon another, and we sat like ghouls among the graves. On one side of us was the tomb of a retired ship-chandler, and on the other a mausoleum erected to a late eminent corn-cutter. There was a bust of the corn-cutter on his monument. It was a bust of a prying nature, that leant forward, and seemed to listen to what we were saying. When I had noted these things I looked towards Mathews, and our eyes met.

"And so," said that gentleman, "you thought that Hogarth was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," I answered, "I took the thing for granted."

"He takes it for granted," said Mathews dreamingly, and addressing to all appearance, the bust of the eminent corn-cutter, "and so does everybody else. They all take it for granted that Hogarth's remains lie in Westminster Abbey, or else that this great dramatist, this master of satire, has found a resting-place for his bones in St. Paul's Cathed-

ral. How many people know where Hogarth is buried? The fiction before people's minds is that he has a stately tomb in Poet's Corner, while the fact is that his dust lies here buried in a tea-caddy, with a ship-chandler on one side of him, and a corn-cutter on the other."

It was a sunshiny day, and, as my friend spoke, a bird flying close over the corn-cutter's bust threw, for an instant, his shadow on this distinguished operator's left eye. I could have sworn that the corn-cutter had winked, and that it was the wink, too, of a retortive and defiant corn-cutter, who would fain have replied to Mathews, "And very good company too for an artist."

"Imagine," resumed Mathews, "if the French had had such a man as this in their school, what a fuss they would have made about him, what statues they would have raised to his memory (thank goodness we have not), what streets they would have called after his name. Would anybody believe that a nation like ours could be so little proud of the man it has given birth to?"

"Yes," I interposed; "would anybody—"

"Allow me," said Mathews; and, feeling that he was doing it better than I could, I *did* allow him. "Would anybody believe that even this wretched monument, this bloated tea-caddy, was allowed, a year or two ago, to get into such a state that it would have dropped to pieces if an obscure private individual, remotely connected with Hogarth's family, had not stepped in, and mended it at his own expense?—And see this coat of arms," continued Mathews, touching the tomb as he spoke, but tenderly, and as one would touch a wound in a friend's arm; "the colour on this coat-of-arms is peeling off even now. I will ask permission to restore that at least with my own hands. I will bring my colours and my brush here one day and paint these arms afresh. And you, David Fudge," said this enthusiastic gentleman, addressing me by name, "should take your pen in hand, and remind the world of what it has forgotten, that there exists no

monument to Hogarth's name in all the broad expanse of London."

I promised that I would do this, and I have done it; but I have little idea that a monument will rise to Hogarth in consequence, or that his country-house will, through my words, be rescued from decay.

I say this because I know our national character, and because I believe that with us in England the reward of such men as Hogarth is different from what it is with other nations. It is great if unsubstantial; it is lasting though unrecorded. It is an imma-

terial glory that is theirs—a thing not of tombs or monuments, not of temples nor of shrines. It is a thing whose memorial is in men's minds—whose epitaph is in their mouths. Time cannot efface it; novelty cannot make it stale. Their monument is raised to their souls. Their Walhalla is in the people's hearts. Nay, the very dust into which their bodies turn, the grave, cannot hold it, nor the tombstone keep it down. In spite of these it rises—in spite of time, and change, and hurry of events; and, turned into grains of gold, it forms a halo round their heads.

ITALY RESURGENT AND BRITAIN LOOKING ON.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

It is now all but twenty years since the man of all Englishmen then living who had most sympathy with the traditions and glory of the Italy of the past, wrote in terms of bitter despondency of the Italy which was then lying under his eyes. "No nation," wrote Dr. Arnold in 1840, "presents 'so bad a side to the traveller as 'this'; for, whilst we do not see its 'domestic life, and its private piety 'and charity, the infinite vileness of 'its public officers, the pettiness of 'the Governments, the gross ignorance 'and the utter falsehood of those who 'must come in your way, are a continual annoyance. When you see a 'soldier here, you feel no confidence 'that he can fight; when you see a 'so-called man of letters, you are not 'sure that he has more knowledge than a 'baby; when you see a priest, he may 'be an idolater or an unbeliever; when 'you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be 'utter strangers to his vocabulary. It 'is this which makes a nation vile, 'when profession, whether Godward or 'manward, is no security for performance.'"

It is well to look at that picture for a moment before we turn to the Italy of to-day—the Italy whose soldier-sons have poured out their blood like water

under their king and their Garibaldi; whose judges, men of letters, public functionaries, have not only shown themselves just and upright men, but have set an example of patriotic and judicious daring, and ready self-sacrifice such as we have not seen among the nations for many a day; whose priests, whatever they may have been yesterday, have thrown off idol-worship and unbelief for the time—let us hope, for ever. For from every quarter we learn that they lead their people to the vote, and the *Times'* correspondent (March 19), writes that—"The urns are 'set up in parish churches;' in some the priest has 'exposed the sacrament, that the voters 'may know that they stand in the real 'presence of God;'" and he (a man who throughout his letter is sneering at universal suffrage, be it remarked) sums up thus:—"One would say the whole 'people are deeply penetrated with the 'solemnity of the moment, as if they 'were actually in the presence of the 'Deity.'"

A people voting as though they were in the presence of God, for union, for freedom, in the face of dangers as tremendous as have ever threatened a nation; voting with their eyes open, and prepared to brave the consequences of their vote—for they march by thousands into the towns on Sundays, "bear-

"ing their contributions to Garibaldi's "fund for the purchase of 1,000,000 "muskets," shouting, "Vogliamo manuelle" as they march,—is surely a sight to make a Briton's pulse beat somewhat quicker than usual. If it does not also make him feel somewhat ashamed of much that his own country has been saying and doing of late at home and abroad, I shall be much mistaken, and think worse of him than I am inclined to do at present.

I do not mean that we have much to charge ourselves with, up to the opening of the last Act, in respect of our conduct as a nation on this Italian question. I believe that until very lately few Englishmen could feel anything like real enthusiasm for the cause of Italy. Of course persons resident in the country or who were otherwise cognizant of, or brought face to face with, the noble life which must have been growing up there for years, may have been, and some have been, carried away by it. But most of us,—though we wished well to the cause of freedom in Italy,—could never be brought to believe that the people were in earnest, or, at least, in the sort of earnest which it takes to win freedom.

Until the last year or two the people who knew best (as we thought) told us, that it was folly to think of any real desire for national life springing up in that country. Every little kingdom, even every provincial town of any note, we were told, was jealous of, and looked with scorn on, all its neighbours. Tuscany sneered at Piedmont; Modena hated Parma; Milan, deeply as she loathed Austria, would scarcely deign to grasp the hand of a deliverer, if it was the hand that held the sceptre at Turin! The events of 1848—9 rather confirmed these ideas in us; and, during the ten years which followed, the antagonism of the party of Mazzini to that of Victor Emmanuel and Piedmont has kept us in the same state of half belief.

But now all is changed. Cavour, perhaps Victor Emmanuel, may have been intriguing and making all safe with Louis Napoleon, may be feigning

and juggling, and thinking that men with masks on their faces and lies in their mouths can help forward a great cause,—I say, they *may have been* doing all this, though it will take a good deal more evidence than is yet forthcoming to make me believe it. But the nation knows nothing of such doings; the nation is no party to them. She has said, as plainly as a nation can speak, "The "Emperor of the French may go, if it so "please him; he may turn on us if he "dare; Austria may fall on us from the "north; the mercenaries paid with the "taxes wrung from our brethren of Rome "and Naples may be led against us from "the south—but for all that we will "unite, we will be a nation of freemen."

What I do think we have to be ashamed of just now, is the way in which Britain has received this news, that Italy has at last put all that is dear to a nation—nay, her very life—on the hazard. That we, the nation in Europe which of all others ought to have cried, "Well done; now we understand you, now we will stand by you," should have shown that we could not even believe it possible for any people to risk so much, that in our opinion there must be some secret understanding or trickery about the business, is not a pleasant sign. But this was, in fact, how we in Britain received the news. The *Times* and other papers within a few days talked of the "spilt milk" of Savoy, and spoke in cold and sneering disbelief as to the *bona fides* of the resolution of Italy to stand by her own solemnly-chosen policy at all hazards, alone if necessary, which was so plainly and ably stated in Cavour's despatch to M. Thouvenel.

It is all very well to say that England is not answerable for what the *Times* says. In one sense she is not; in another, and the most material, she is. For, wince under it as we may, the *Times* is a mirror—and a wonderfully sensitive and accurate mirror—of the England of to-day. It reflects the image which stands before it. It is of no use for us to throw stones at the mirror; but it may be of the greatest use to look

steadily at the swaggering, much-talking, little-doing, less-believing figure of our noble selves, which has of late faced us therein, and see if we cannot do something towards improving *that* a little. No question that the mirror will give us the benefit of the change soon enough, if we can take out of the original ever so little of that look which betokens the mixture of a shrewd man of the world ready to make the most of this world and the next, and of a vague gentleman who has lost his way.

But what then ought Britain to do for Italy, what ought she to pledge herself to do? No man ought to shirk these questions. It may do some little good that every man who has the chance should let his fellow-countrymen know what he thinks about them.

It seems to me that, if we are not to disgrace ourselves, we ought to be ready to say and do thus much at least in the following cases:—

If France should hostilely occupy Tuscany, or any other part of Italy proper (which may happen yet for all that appears), we should insist on her withdrawal, and go to war with her if she should refuse to withdraw.

If France should withdraw from Lombardy, and Austria cross the Mincio, or land troops in any part of Italy, we should go to war with her.

If war should break out between Naples and Northern Italy, we should go to war with any nation who should assist either side.

What we should do in other events, such as a rising in Venetia or in Rome, seems to me to depend upon circumstances which cannot be anticipated, and which it is useless to speculate on. But surely if the British Government, backed (as I believe it would be) by the almost unanimous voice of the nation, were to lay down plainly what we mean by non-intervention in a few practical cases, such as those above suggested, it would clear the way for, and render far less difficult, the settlement of all the more complex questions which may possibly arise before long.

I believe that Englishmen are getting more and more anxious that their Government should speak out and be ready to act promptly in European questions. I believe that most Englishmen feel that England has not done this of late; that she has not held a steady or dignified course, but has been tricky and time-serving, and has lost much influence in consequence; and that there is little chance of things going right in Europe, unless she wakes to her responsibilities and takes a new course. No man, in fact, who is in the habit of mixing familiarly with different classes of his countrymen can doubt that the feeling of the nation is getting daily sounder and more healthy. Free trade is a good doctrine; we are all free traders. But the free trade which tells us that the honour of England matters nothing if we can only sell plenty of cotton cloth—this is an idol which we do not mean to worship. Non-intervention is a good doctrine; we are for it to a man. But we do not mean by non-intervention that England is to allow Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria to act as they will in Italy and elsewhere, so long as they let *us* alone. Economy is a good doctrine, for nations as for men; we all admit it. But we only admit it with the qualification that our pursuit of economy is not to be allowed to deaden our love of, and service to, nobleness, and righteousness, and truth.

So the nation feels, though she can scarcely yet express herself clearly through the press or Parliament. We want statesmen who will see that it is so, and act on the conviction that England will back them in a straightforward and righteous policy, let it lead us where it will. There never was a time when such men were more needed than now. This resurrection of Italy is surely a great crisis for us, as well as for her. The Sibyl offers us now nine books; are we prepared to buy them, and read in them, and profit by them? If not, as surely as night follows day, three will be burnt, and we shall have to pay the same price for six.

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